

Story Poems



ANNA E. HONIG



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Story Poems

By

Mrs. ANNA E. HONIG



AUTHOR'S EDITION



SOUTHWEST PRESS
DALLAS TEXAS

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Dedicated to
MY LOVED ONES
and to
ALL LOVERS OF HOME

May this book of poems
Bring to the readers
Many pleasant gleams
Woven in their dreams.

PREFATORY NOTE

The author of this book of story-poems was born in St. Louis, Missouri, and while a child came to Texas with her mother. Later they located at Dallas. The author showed talent for writing poetry even when a child.

For years, she taught music and composed songs and music for her pupils and for recitals. During her busiest days, while taking care of her children and keeping house, she found some time to write poems and stories, though they were never offered for publication.

Now, since time has wrought changes in her home life, and she has more leisure, she has written a number of poems: many are from her own experiences, many from observation, others from original thought, imagination and creative talent, and some are based upon the lives and true facts of people whom the author has known. She has written poems requested by friends for special occasions; girls' clubs appreciated her appropriate verses composed for their showers and parties.

The author is a member of the Dallas Wednesday Morning Choral Club, and her poem, "Old Favorite Flowers," written especially for one of the Club's luncheon-programs, was awarded first prize.

"Gold Star Mothers" was written for the American Legion's luncheon given to honor the Gold Star Mothers.

The author has been a Christian since childhood, a regular attendant at church and young people's meetings, a Sunday-School teacher, church organist and director of singing, and programs in Dallas.

This book contains a variety of poems, intended to please young and old.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
All is Well	1
The Optimist	1
Friends of Mine	2
Sacrifice	3
Texas' Welcome in Nature	4
The Presidents of the United States in Rhyme	5, 6
The Bum Poets Retort	6
Home Life	7
Mother's Kisses	8, 9
No Doubt	9
Daughter	10
Aged Christians	11
Memories	12
Ennobling Thoughts	13
Radio	14
Our Church Organist	15, 16
Folks	16
Voices	17, 18
Courage	18
Words	19, 20
Trusting	20
Friendliness in Church	21
The Minister	22, 23
The Hostess	23, 24
God	25, 26
Songs	26
When We Are Old	27, 28
Creator and Ruler	28
Beyond the Portals	29
The Sweetness of Home	30, 31
The Blessedness of Children	32, 33
Mother's Petition	33
Thinking of Mothers	34, 35
The White Carnation	36
Gifts of Gray for Mother's Day	37
Mother's Fund	38, 39
The Citizen Mother	39
My Young Mother	40
Trials of a Mother	41, 42
Don't Begrudge	42
Mother	43
Mother's Room	44, 45
Beautifuls	47

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Mother's Anxiety	46, 47
Happiness	48
Remembrance	49
Mother's Soliloquy	50, 51
Sad	51
Scraps	52, 53
Invisible Wounds	53
Gold Star Mothers	54
Our Soldier Boy	55, 56
The Star of Glory	56
Father's or Dad's Day	57, 58
Grandmother	58
Grandfather	59
My Child	60, 61
Mother-in-Law	61
Retrospection	62, 63
Perhaps	63
The Sense of Hearing	64, 65
Five Crowns	66
Tastes and Talents	67
Silence	68, 69
Inquisitive Why?	69
Your Bag of Gold	70, 71
My Friendship Garden	72, 73
Old Favorite Flowers from my Garden	74-76
The Mission of Five Easter Lilies	76-79
Texas Bluebonnets	80, 81
Yellow Flowers	81, 82
The Poppy	83, 84
The Cherry Blossom Tree	84
The Redbud Tree	85, 86
An Old Arbor-Vitae	86, 87
December Trees	88, 89
Thanksgiving	89
Meaning of Christmas	90
The New Year	91
Wonderful Snow	92
The River	93, 94
The Country Village	94, 95
The Crippled Alphabet	96, 97
A Summary of Our Pets	97, 98
Gay-Tat	98-100
Birthday Cakes	101, 102
Animal Cookies	102, 103
Holiday Story or Sentimental Betty	104-106
Mis-es to Avoid	106, 107
An Old Black Kettle	108, 109

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Anguish of Spirit	110
Praise	111
Bereavement	112
The Handy Old String Bag	113, 114
Rock-A-Bye Chair	114, 115
A Tribute to the Street Car	116, 117
For Juanita's Album	117
My Stand-By	118
A Sweet Prayer	119
The Youngest Son	120
The Hide-Bound Boys	121
Craw-Dads	122
Boy	123, 124
Give Them Plenty of Rope	124, 125
Life's Pathway	126
The Difference	127, 128
Time	128, 129
Love Makes Perfect	130
A Valentine Betrothal	131
Prospective Husbands	132, 133
Bells	133
The Sculptor	134, 135
The Anniversary	135
Music in Nature	136
Prone to Rove	137, 138
Joy and Consolation	138
My Lord	139
Bird Melody	140
The Little Chinee	141, 142
The Texas Darkey	142, 143

ALL IS WELL

My dark clouds have a silver lining,
The rainbow comes to me with the rain.
Cloudy days end with the sun shining
And my hope is lifted up again.

Thus a life is like a golden chain,
Each day brings forth a link of its own.
With sorrow or cheer, of loss or gain
We all share, no one bears it alone.

'Tis good that the future is unknown,
At the end of time we'll understand.
Like the flowers by nature are grown—
So we all live, by the Ruler's hand.

THE OPTIMIST

I am happy in the sunshine,
And I do enjoy the rain!
For they're ruled by the Hand divine,
So I never do complain.

When the dark clouds hover o'er me,
Or sorrow comes where I dwell
I question not, why these should be—
For God doeth all things well.

FRIENDS OF MINE

Here's a few words to my host of friends,
For many years so dear to my heart.
As my life through the troubled way trends,
I know the value of friendship's part.

I am blest with friends that will not fail,
And I pray God to bless every one.
They have walked with me through sorrow's vale
And shared my pleasures as time went on.

The ties of friendship become stronger,
As we travel on life's changeful way.
The bond of love lasts even longer—
Than time allotted on earth to stay.

We shall meet again in the home above,
And as friend with friend we shall be known.
We'll greet each other with deeper love,
Than ever on earth we may have shown.

SACRIFICE

When your nature craves for one thing,
And duty calls to some other,
Bravely you serve, your heart yearning
When your talents you must smother.

Like a bird imprisoned in cage,
Craving its freedom to regain,
The beating of itself with rage
Against the wires though all in vain.

So we oft struggle through the years,
Unwilling to relinquish or yield
Our ambition, hope onward cheers
While we strive our aims to achieve.

Courage to presevere is rare,
Yet to success means a great deal,
For when we give up in despair
Then, failure triumphs over zeal.

Many have made this sacrifice
Of talents, for duty's calling,
Submitting to life's costly price
Yet found many blessings falling.

TEXAS' WELCOME IN NATURE

Stars in Texas brightly gleaming
Above the spacious fields of green,
Cattle in the valley dreaming
Is a restful, picturesque scene.

Texas sunrise in the morning
Gives the sky a glorious hue.
Texas birds that sing at dawning,
Chirp a hearty welcome to you.

Texas flowers wave a welcome,
Shedding their dainty fragrance forth.
Texas rivers ripple onward
Over the rocks in gurgling mirth.

The shrubs and vines on the mountain
Of berries provide a good share;
And the fish down by the fountain
Are plentiful with some to spare.

Texas grain will amply feed you,
Bounteous fruit each season yields.
Abundant oil she offers, too,
Produced from her immense oil fields.

Then come, and welcome to Texas,
The greatest state of any land,
You'll yearn to return to Texas
When you've felt the clasp of our hand.

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES IN RHYME

Great George Washington was number one,
The Senior (John) Adams next came on;
Then Thomas Jefferson was number three,
And James Madison the fourth was he.
James Monroe, the fifth, to him succeeds,
And sixth, the junior (John Quincy) Adams leads.
The seventh, Andrew Jackson came,
And eighth we read Van Buren's name.
William Harrison was number nine,
As tenth John Tyler filled the line.
John Polk, as number eleven came in,
Zachary Taylor was the twelfth to win.
Millard Fillmore, as thirteenth, took his place,
Franklin Pierce, was fourteenth in the race.
James Buchanan, fifteenth, by vote,
And Abraham Lincoln was sixteenth, we note.
Andrew Johnson, the seventeenth, came next,
And Ulysses Grant, the eighteenth, was greatly vexed.
Rutherford Hayes was nineteenth to fill the chair,
With James Garfield as twentieth to follow there.
Chester Arthur was number twenty-one,
Grover Cleveland, for twenty-second made the run.
Benjamin Harrison as twenty-third the people chose,
While Cleveland, as twenty-fourth, a second time arose.
William McKinley, the twenty-fifth came into power,
As twenty-sixth Theodore Roosevelt was the man of
the hour.

The twenty-seventh was William Taft to guide affairs,
Woodrow Wilson the twenty-eighth was overwhelmed
with cares.

Warren Harding, as twenty-ninth, the honor claimed,
And Calvin Coolidge, as thirtieth, was famed.

Then Herbert Hoover, the thirty-first, made his bow
And as thirty-second, Franklin Roosevelt took the vow.
Franklin D. Roosevelt, as the thirty-third will reign
Since by Majority he was chosen again.

We will wonder and wait to see,
Who our next president will be.
F. D. Roosevelt for a third term,
Or will voters "Willkie" affirm.
Whoever wins, as thirty-fourth
Should feel what the honor is worth.

THE BUM POET'S RETORT

In poetry I may not make a hit,
But one thing sure I can make words fit.
So any case you may wish put in rhyme—
Give me the dope, and a little time.

HOME LIFE

If the home life is happy we can brave
The tempests of every-day life.
We can endure the swiftest swirling wave,
And the whole day's most bitter strife.

Away from home many things may vex us,
We must bear it day after day;
But with everything bright at home for us,
Our troubles will vanish away.

At the home father is honored as good,
And the children's best traits disclosed.
Mother's rule is often misunderstood,
When our short-comings are exposed.

When our hearts are filled with youth's ambition
For some great achievement to find,
And when we do wrong, in deep contrition
To home we come for rest of mind.

Hearts are made strong if the home is kept bright,
We can battle in fiercest storm;
E'en though we may lose by doing what's right,
At home we find refuge from harm.

MOTHER'S KISSES

Dear little baby lips
To mother's fondly pressed,
While precious finger tips
On mother's cheeks find rest.

Prattling, interesting boy
To mother comes and speaks,
When trials sore annoy—
Mother's caress he seeks.

Innocent girl so pure
On mother leans for aid,
And for her ills feels sure
A mother's kiss was made.

Boys and girls should never
Neglect their mother's kiss,
To her it is ever
A great fountain of bliss.

Goodnight kiss to mother
Is half her life each day,
The love shown each other
Means more than what we say.

The children's peaceful sleep
Is never marred by care,
While mothers wake and weep,
And all the burdens bear.

The welcome kiss of father,
The goodbye at the door
May seem just a bother
Yet makes us love the more.

Do not rob your mother
Of what is her just due,
Or slight her for another
For mother cared for you.

A kiss to mother now
The child can easy give,
And on the furrowed brow
The tenderness will live.

NO DOUBT

All mothers could of each child write,
A story of love and delight.
Most mothers have a record kept
As their cute deeds in her mind crept.

Their first verses of Scripture
And of each their baby picture.
Many dear things memory gives
While in mother's mind it still lives.

DAUGHTER

A home must very lonely be,
Without a daughter's gentle grace;
Her smiles so charming and care-free,
The life and sunshine of the place.

Flitting like a sunbeam ever
Through the garden midst the flowers,
Showing signs of sorrow never
In these, her youthful, happy hours.

Every blossom seems to greet her,
With such a gentle, cheery nod,
Her sweet voice with songful meter
Trills, as she treads the grassy sod.

How she fills the golden morning,
Culling beauties of fragrant bloom;
And with these bouquets adorning
Every nook in the living-room.

The birds above in the tree-tops,
Come daily to sing their sweet song,
While she views the dainty dew-drops
And feeds the happy, feathered throng.

She is a gift of real pleasure,
Our every little need supplies;
In our home a precious treasure;
Nothing dearer beneath the skies.

AGED CHRISTIANS

The aged Christians have no regrets
When they reach the end of their way,
The faithful Christian never frets,
For God has kept them every day.

In the Saviour they have trusted,
All their trials bravely they've borne;
If His will, their path adjusted
Should they complain, or feel forlorn?

Calmly waiting for the summons,
They have been ready all along,
In their youth they may have stumbled,
But their faith has ever been strong.

The patient loved ones of their heart
Have been a blessing ever dear,
So tenderly they have done their part
Since age has marked another year.

The passing days are worth the cost,
If we live and walk uprightly;
The influence is never lost
Of pure lives, that show forth brightly.

MEMORIES

As the days rapidly glide along,
Many thoughts come flitting through my mind
Sometimes sadness, sometimes a glad song
In memory of friends truly kind.

And the children with the days now past
Still hover 'round me as they did then.
I'm thankful that memory can last
Without limit, for women and men.

Memories often cause one to think
Of many ways some burden to lift,
Perhaps reinforce a weakened link
Of a life, through kind words or a gift.

I delight in making note of these
Moments so precious, when e'er I please,
For when age comes on, a mother lives
On what memory of the past gives.

Precious memories that help us live
For the hope we may to others give.
Let us scatter kindness as we go,
For we know, we shall reap what we sow.

ENNOBLING THOUGHTS

I want my face to always wear,
An humble, kindly looking air,
Whole-souled honesty printed there,
So none may falter or despair.

I want my eyes to gleam and glow
With kindness like crystal to show,
Approachable to high and low,
Then I shall rejoice as I go.

My lips shall speak comforting words,
Pure as the sweet song of the birds,
Binding the heart with loving cords
Of confidence that under-girds.

My feet and hands shall go and do
The lowliest work, all day through.
My shoulders shall bear trials too,
And burdens with patience for you.

I want my life to ever bless,
And give to others happiness,
To relieve sorrow, and distress,
With grace and conscientiousness.

RADIO

The gift to father and mother
On their anniversary day,
Has given joy as no other
Gift, could have brought along their way.

These children seemed to find delight,
Their parents often to surprise.
So the radio came one night
'Twas hard to believe our own eyes.

Now as I listen in alone
I think lovingly of each child.
Of precious moments past and gone
When father listened in and smiled.

You will never know how I enjoy
Radio, 'tis a blessing to me.
It brings me daily, the greatest joy
Listening to what I cannot see.

The morning service given to God
By the religious people in song.
Then the dramas, and stories quite odd,
The World news too, as it comes along.

I think of you many times a day,
And follow you in prayer of love.
Memory carries me far away
Then brings me back like wings of a dove.

OUR CHURCH ORGANIST

We should not wait till one is dead,
To tell of the good deeds they wrought.
But let the gracious words be said;
While cheer to their heart may be brought.

We think now of our organist,
Who has played for these many years,
While we our voices did enlist
To praise the One who always hears.

With perfect tones and accents sweet
The music falls upon our ear;
It thrills our hearts with joy complete
As we listen from year to year.

It stirs our souls and dims our eyes,
With tenderness, and thoughts sublime;
It seems to reach the vaulted skies,
Bringing back a message divine.

A truly noble man we know,
Is the organist of our church.
Faithfully trying to bestow
Such songs for which weary hearts search.

So patiently does he prepare
Sweet anthems for the choir to sing,
And silently breathes a prayer,
That the song to all, peace may bring.

He may have sorrow and trials;
To depress and make him weary,
But he always comes to us with smiles,
Banishing all that is dreary.

Song is often heaven's token
To a sinner sad and alone,
By the Saviour sent or spoken,
Through the organ's pathetic tone.

Thus as his music brings a calm
Unto many a troubled breast,
We hope that he may have the balm
Of love to give him peaceful rest.

When he shall pass beyond the gate
Of the Heavenly Home of love,
Great joy we do anticipate
Among the angel choir above.

FOLKS

Seemingly poor, yet mighty rich,
We find many such folks today.
Folks with righteous influence
That will never vanish away.

VOICES

There are two voices that I claim
As my duty to daily pray—
That they may glorify God's name,
By reaching lost souls by the way.

These two voices that I call mine,
Really belong to all the world;
Both are used in the work divine,
Of winning souls to praise our Lord.

Two voices for years I have heard,
I have known them when at their best.
One in proclaiming God's word,
And one in singing songs that have blest.

I have listened with anxious care
To these voices I feared might wane,
I've hoped God would grant my prayer
That He would strengthen them again.

The voice that is used to extol
The sinner's most serious need
Of salvation to save the soul,
And that to righteousness doth lead.

This intensely appealing voice
Repeats the story o'er and o'er,
Pleading with all to make their choice
For the Saviour, and sin no more.

The voice that sings with joyful heart
To revive the sad and dreary,
And to the lonely ones impart
Refreshing hope, bright and cheery.

The singing voice we all would miss,
For with the preaching voice he shares—
To calm the troubled heart with bliss
As he the love of God declares.

God bless and sustain I daily pray—
These two voices so wholly thine,
Enrich their lives along the way,
As sermon and song they combine.

COURAGE

Of all the natural human traits,
Courage is the one needed the most.
Patience too, serves well the one who waits
For Good Fortune to become his host.
Courage will carry you through trials
That lead over rough and rugged ways,
It will help you overcome with smiles
The misfortune of sorrowful days.

WORDS

Harsh words leave a sting
That will hurt and bruise.
Words that heart-aches bring
We should never use.

Let us say kind words
And act most kindly,
Let them be true words
Not using them blindly.

Kind words lift us high
When sorrow we share.
True words edify
When we speak with care.

Kind words soothe and calm
The despondent heart,
Like a healing balm
Kind words do their part.

Kind words give relief
To those in despair,
We may ease much grief
By words, or prayer.

Kind words never die,
They help us each day.
Kindness is the tie
That brightens our way.

Our words form a scroll
Written there to stay.
Do we help the soul
By the words we say?

Kind words came from God,
Through His loving Son;
Faith, our safety rod
While Life's race we run.

Profane words will hurt our Lord,
And grieve those who love His word.
Evil words we all should spurn
For evil for evil will return.

TRUSTING

If the deeds of kindness wrought
Cheer to some one I have brought,
On my way I shall rejoice
Harking to my Saviour's voice.

All my trust on Thee is stayed
And for help to Thee I prayed,
Thou hast been my dearest Friend—
Thou wilt keep me to the end.

FRIENDLINESS IN CHURCH

We never lose by speaking a word,
Giving a smile, or kindly look,
When we meet in the house of our Lord,
Or offer to someone a book.

We do not know the courage or cheer,
That a clasp of our hand may give
To a stranger who meets with us here,
Perhaps help them braver to live.

For we all enjoy the friendly face,
Among those we meet in the aisle;
We gladly go again to the place
Where we receive a cordial smile.

A snub may change the most joyous heart,
Into prejudice, or sadness,
With the feeling that they have no part
In religion's appealing gladness.

When we brighten someone's dreary day
With a glad smile, kind word or deed,
We may start them on the upward way,
And their soul to the Saviour lead.

A friend is a blessing divine,
To whom in trouble we may go
And find them ever genuine,
In the sympathy they bestow.

THE MINISTER

When we think of a minister's case,
If he should have quarrels in his home,
Could he win souls with sorrowful face?
Or persuade sinners no more to roam?

Can he ever confidence inspire?
While he under such a burden lives,
Though he may preach with yearning desire
To lead lost men to God who forgives.

A Pastor's heart is his staff and guide,
If troubled you will see him grow pale.
No hardships, or anything beside
Like sorrow of heart, will make him fail.

All the trials of his fellow-men,
He earnestly seeks to have a share.
In his heart he carries their burdens
And gladly tries to help them to bear.

Then too, we should not ever neglect
To consider the Pastor's kind wife.
And daily pray that God will protect
For she lives a sacrificial life.

The calls at her door for daily needs,
In many ways are most distressing.
But her heart abounds in noble deeds
While bravely her own cares suppressing.

The Minister is a blessing sent,
His wife as an angel by his side.
Much of their time for others is spent,
Surely God's love with them will abide.

THE HOSTESS

As a hostess, you cannot be excelled,
To this all of your guests will agree.
When your mellow voice in sweet love-songs swelled
Our hearts were made light, and full of glee.

The warm welcome we received at your door,
Permeates and thrills us through and through;
The candor of your friendship means much more
Than our best words can express to you.

Your splendid home and the bountiful feast
Will live in our memories ever,
And though we must part for a time at least,
Our friendship will endure forever.

THE OUTSIDERS

Two little dogs, Cutie and Dan,
Shut out while the Party was on
Snorted, as back and forth they ran
From porch to window, and so on.

The door was opened, by mistake,
And the two saucy little imps
With a bound, for curiosity's sake,
Darted inside for just a glimpse.

They hurriedly greeted each guest,
So glad to feel they were sharing
Somewhat in the applauded fest—
At least, it was worth the daring.

They were hastily taken out,
For their friendly capers were rough.
Cutie sulked, Dan stood with a pout
And barked, "This is what I call tough."

Their mistress smiled and stroked Dan's
head,
He wagged his tail and rolled his eyes;
No telling what he might have said,
For Dan and Cutie both are wise.

GOD

God my dearest, most precious friend,
I've known and loved Him since a child.
On Him I surely can depend
And to His will be reconciled.

For the bright days along my path
My heart abounds in thankfulness,
When in sorrow, He always hath
Led me through with loving kindness.

In the dismal shadows of death
And the depth of love that I felt,
I implored with my every breath
That the cup should pass, as I knelt.

Graciously granting my request
His presence I felt close and real.
Instant gratitude I expressed
That He answered my appeal.

I came again to deepest grief,
Again I beseeched God to spare
Our babe, and give our hearts relief,
But He granted not this prayer.

My heart was crushed to almost break
When this darling babe left our home,
It seemed that the desolate ache
To remain forever had come.

Yet God stayed ever by my side,
I could feel His soothing presence.
Although I deeply grieved and cried,
Still I leaned upon His promise.

Even now in my lapsing age
He is more precious than ever,
And though the fiercest storms may rage
My faith in God will not waver.

SONGS

Our songs should always be uplifting
Bestowing happiness to the soul
To retrieve those who may be drifting
Toward the evil without control.

Songs that bring comfort, soothe and bless
When the whole world seems dark and dreary
Songs that help us in our deep distress
Songs that will bring rest to the weary.

A song of sympathy when in grief
We gather at the home of a friend,
The songs of hope for the heart's relief
When trustingly on God we depend.

Songs that heaven's glory shall declare
To lonely hearts this truth to convey,
That God is anxious that all should share
The blessings of His Eternal Day.

WHEN WE ARE OLD

That time brings changes we all know,
Sometimes 'tis pleasures, sometimes woe;
Yet in all we usually find
That Providence is duly kind.

When earthly cares are lessened much,
And we feel the restraining touch
Of age, and our strength declining
Still o'er us God's sun is shining.

When house-hold duties all are done,
And the children are grown and gone
You'd think we should have perfect peace,
That all anxiety would cease.

But the mind does not, cannot cease,
Neither can the heart beat at ease;
The patient soul in anxiousness
Still follows in prayerfulness.

To age is granted recompense
In the gift of life's endurance
To enjoy the glories of earth,
When we have ceased to care for mirth.

What to us in youth was pleasure
Now is balanced with needed leisure.
The wearied feet and feebled form
Should not cause us any alarm.

For while the heart is pure and free
Hope charms us with Eternity.
Age brings no sadness to the breast
But spurs us on to do our best.

When we see our last setting sun,
And the victory o'er death is won
Our soul shall gladly go to meet
The Lord in whom we are complete.

CREATOR AND RULER

Soft waving grass under our weary feet,
And the slow dripping sound of gentle rain.
The fragrance of flowers and fields of wheat,
Proclaiming Spring with robin's refrain.

The restless sighing of the whistling wind,
The twinkling stars and the clouds in the sky,
The light of the moon, warmth of the sun
Are governed by our Creator on high.

The fish, and other creatures of the sea,
The shells and the pebbles along the shore,
The storms, and earthquakes so frightful to see
Teach us that God will rule for-ever-more.

BEYOND THE PORTALS

Where the blind shall see, the lame shall walk,
All things shall be perfected in thee;
The deaf shall hear, and the dumb shall talk,
How gloriously happy they'll be.

We can fancy the heavenly scene
As the loved ones enter those portals,
And feel the joy their meeting must mean
To the hosts of blessed immortals.

The bereaved ones bowed down with their grief
Cannot see the loved ones gone before,
But it should give comfort and relief
To think of throngs waiting on the shore.

A vision of welcome at the Gate
To a soul released from all their pain,
Should help us to more patiently wait—
Till we shall join our loved ones again.

Fancy you hear heaven's bells ringing,
Imagine the joyful entrance there;
The strains of the angel-choir singing,
A vision of bliss beyond compare.

Beyond the portals of heaven's land,
When we shall greet our departed one
Who anxiously waits to clasp our hand,
And rejoice over life's battle won.

THE SWEETNESS OF HOME

I'm not knocking on the hospitals,
Or the up-to-date methods of today.
But I can't help thinking after all,
How they've taken our best joys away,

For we miss the happiest moments
With the baby who is born in our home,
Where we observe the slightest movements
Of the darling whom to us has come.

The sweetest of sweets in the home-life
Is the care we're indebted to give.
The pleasant smile of a happy wife
Makes it heavenly for us to live.

The eager watching for the husband
When dusk of evening closes the day,
Is half that makes the sweeter living
As he hastens on his homeward way.

The burdens of home-tasks laid aside
While the hearts in grateful peace unite.
The faithful husband though sorely tried
Makes the shadows like sunshine seem bright.

Hospitals are wonderful 'tis true
For many babes who are born therein,
The kindly Doctors and nurses too
Surely our gratitude duly win.

But give me the home sweet home of old
With the babe dressed in its own nice bib,
Where the young mother of the house-hold
May hear the least whimper from the crib.

Give me home sweet home, again I say,
For trials are much easier borne.
We give comfort in our simple way
When the heart seems so weary or worn.

In the home there is an influence
Of security not found elsewhere.
We have the courage and confidence,
The boon to unfold our every care.

From the marriage at the humble home
A blessing seems to come unaware.
Happiness comes not from palace dome,
Many have known it to crumble there.

Even when death at the home shall call,
And the funeral takes place from there,
Though losing the dearest one of all
Home still has a sacred, hallowed air.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF CHILDREN

As an infant they fill us with joy,
Each little smile from girl or boy
Is more precious to parents than gold,
In their youth, through life and when they're old.

A child or children are born to bless,
The blessing of heaven they possess;
A home of pure love, with faith and peace,
Insures pleasures that will never cease.

The happiest person ever found
Is a mother with children around,
They give her pleasure at every age,
Each day writes an interesting page.

There's no period in life to me
More precious than children in their glee,
Call them burdens if you see that way
But mine were joy, and are e'en today.

Parents will gladly shield them from care,
When trials for them seem hard to bear.
And when their school-days of toil are o'er
They encourage, cherish and adore.

And so, when the children all are grown,
With desires and pursuits of their own.
As the memories with us remain
Pleasant days and hours are spent again.

Our old house and fence needed repair,
The children took charge, each did their share.
Father and mother no longer young
Freed from burdens they carried so long.

Father now in the Home of glory,
Mother remains to prove the story—
That faithful hearts in love united
Through life, will not fail, or be blighted.

MOTHER'S PETITION

God bless my dear children I pray,
Protect them from evil each day;
Keep them in the righteous way.
Guide them with ever loving care,
And shield them from the Temptor's snare,
Be with them always, everywhere.

THINKING OF MOTHERS

The gift from the angel of life
Is the bright crown of mother-hood,
Which will recompense her in full
For the things she has given up.

The mother while she is quite young,
Enjoys her child's angelic charm
Before her heart with grief is wrung
Or touched with anxious fear of harm.

Mother lives in a holy sphere
Happy with her duties each day,
From morning till evening draws near
She toils in her own pleasant way.

She lives in a restful peace of mind
With her motherly tasks well done,
Her heart is glad, her face so kind
She wins the love of every one.

What is more beautiful to see
Than a mother provided for?
In her own home happy and free
From fear, of the wolf at her door.

Sometimes in loneliness she sighs,
Memory recalls the dear past.
Her mind travels beyond the skies
Though her heart may not be downcast.

Mother who in money is rich
Cares only for its needful worth,
But love of her children for which
She'd give up all she has on earth.

I saw a poor mother one day
So thin, pale and shabbily clad,
No one to help her on her way
For her son was a careless lad.

Yet mother loved him, oh so much,
This child of her tenderest care
For Mercy's kind restraining touch
She pleads for her son in prayer.

When age overtakes our mother
And her step becomes unsteady,
'Tis our pleasure as no other
With loving help to be ready.

The spiritual Anxiety
That mother for her children feels,
Through their lives for Eternity
Unto God, she pleadingly kneels.

And when at last with failing breath,
Mother bids us a last farewell—
E'en though she calmly sleeps in death
Sweet memories with us will dwell.

THE WHITE CARNATION

Will you wear a white carnation?
For mother who cared much for you,
The emblem of pure devotion
In memory, living anew?

It's only one day in the year,
A day for mother set apart;
Wear the token of love each year
It will brighten and cheer your heart.

Or, may it be a red flower
With fragrance equally sweet,
To remind you of your mother
Who guided your childish feet.

My mother dear, I'll wear for thee
A symbol of your constancy;
Carnation red, or spotless white
In mem'ry, brings you back tonight.

GIFTS OF GRAY FOR MOTHER'S DAY

The special kindness that we show,
Brings its reward in memories;
The richest blessings to bestow
Are loving deeds and courtesies.

GIFTS

A warm gray jacket for home-wear,
And a fine gray purse for shopping;
The gray silk scarf for evening's air
And a gray dress before stopping.

A hat of silver added much—
With a gray coat to go with it,
A pair of gray gloves as a touch
With shoes and hose for the finish.

A box of candy for a treat,
Then to church, with her sons she went.
These loving deeds made all complete,
A happy "Mother's Day" event.

MOTHER'S FUND

I once knew a family group
Who after father's death agreed,
To begin for mother's up-keep
A fund to provide for her need.

Each child of their salary gave
A portion each month to this fund,
By these means were able to save
To have mother's dental work done.

And so on through the passing years,
This faithful family took care,
That there should be no chance or fears
Of neglect, for mother's welfare.

From this fund the glasses were paid
When alas, mother's eyes gave way;
What nobler deeds when all is weighed
Could be done, her love to repay?

This dutful love wisely shown
To mother while life shall endure,
Should as an example be known
To make mother's comfort secure.

These faithful children kept the home,
And surely were blest by our Lord.
Father's life was true and wholesome,
Never a quarrel or discord.

It really pays to be careful
Of the life you lead every day,
And to God be ever faithful
To wisely choose the upward way.

THE CITIZEN MOTHER

Even though she does not always vote,
Since women with men have equal rights:
The mother justly, as we note,
Has a share in political fights.

The mother can adroitly control
All the voting power of her home,
The strength of which is felt at the Poll
When her children urge voters to come.

Mother as a citizen we know
Is double value to any cause,
In her wisdom she teaches to show
The importance of obeying laws.

Intelligent voting is her theme,
Honesty was always her keynote.
Her children are held in high esteem,
Conscientiously they cast their vote.

MY YOUNG MOTHER

My mother is a "Pal" youthful and gay
Will she have a part in Mother's Day?
No one draws Mother pictures of her
Artists seem old mothers to prefer.

She don't wear bonnets like mothers do,
Her hats are stylish, of gorgeous hue,
Of course she'll be old after a while
Maybe sad, and lose her happy smile.

I'll buy her presents and make believe
She's like mothers that had to grieve.
I'll wear a flower to make her feel
That she's precious, and just as real.

My gay young mother is brave and true
As the dear ones who carried you through—
All your trials and troublesome days,
And led you into righteous ways.

TRIALS OF A MOTHER

Oh! the anguish of a mother
Who has tried to do her part,
Sacrificing all for others
Oft with sad and aching heart.

In her days of youth and vigor
Toiling on with fondest hope,
When her means were very meager
She would strive beyond her scope.

For the traits within her offspring
Worthy of the world's best gain,
Tho' it wear and break her heartstring
She would bravely bear the strain.

But when her hopes all seem shattered
By those whom she loves so much,
Her mind once strong now seems scattered
By disappointment's touch.

Bitter, oh so very bitter,
Are the pangs that come so near
Breaking down a life to fritter
Away, all that she holds dear.

Thus the mother sits and ponders,
Why these things should ever be?
Do they love her now she wonders,
Oh then why do they not see.

How her health by grief is broken
By their careless idle ways,
So unkindly they have spoken
Spoiling all her golden days.

By and by when she is missing
They in anguish of their souls
Will recall the sweet caressing
Of their mother, now gone home.

DON'T BEGRUDGE

To be unwelcome anywhere
Is heart breaking to most of us,
But from our own its worse to bear,
Too painful even to discuss.

Parents never counted the cost
Of the children's up-keep and care,
They considered nothing as lost
That was for the children's welfare.

Their daily needs were a great deal,
Money quickly, though wisely went
They never took note of a meal
Or the price of what they had spent.

MOTHER

Now since you are old and gray,
We gladly heed what you say;
Your kind words of love and cheer
We cherish, and hold most dear.

Your guiding hand in our youth,
And lessons of sacred truth
Have made our characters strong,
To resist evil and wrong.

You are an inspiraton
Of highest adoration,
You sacrificed for our gain,
The best of life to obtain.

'Twas you who guided our feet,
From evil made them retreat;
To you we owe the good name
Of Christian, rather than fame.

You gave up much for our good,
Perhaps then, not understood,
But now oh precious mother,
We love you more than ever.

MOTHER'S ROOM

In mother's room all these we find,
An old Needham organ with stool;
Sacred song books of many kind,
The electric fan to keep cool.

The Doxology stitched in wool
Hangs over the organ so quaint,
And a picture of the old school—
The school where all her children went.

Pictures that through the years have been
Familiar as the children grew,
The girl playing the harp they've seen
All their lives, and some mottoes too.

Grandmother in a lovely cap
Teaching the dear baby to pray.
Little brother on father's lap,
The rest of us grouped in array.

The sewing machine and table,
A massive wardrobe made of oak;
Her folding bed serves as a mantel.
The old rocking chair that just broke.

There's her dresser and large mirror,
An Axminster rug on the floor;
Vases and sunflower cushion,
And a large sea-shell at the door.

Special books and Bible divine,
Electric lamp, trinkets galore—
All bring joy and daily sunshine
As relics of the days of yore.

These articles are dear to her,
For mother has fond memories
Attached to them, because they are
A part of her life's treasures.

BEAUTIFULS

Beautiful face once happy and gay,
Beautiful hands so shapely and white;
Beautiful eyes of pure honest gray,
Beautiful hair almost black as night.

Beautiful face now furrowed and old,
Beautiful hands now withered and worn;
Beautiful eyes with sadness made cold,
Beautiful hair of its lustre shorn.

Beautiful form once lithe and erect,
Dutiful life filled with hope and pride;
Purified heart to love and protect,
Wonderful book compiled for a guide.

Beautiful form now quite bent with age,
Most faithful heart so weary, yet true;
Beautiful book to read page by page,
Beautiful life she has spent for you.

MOTHER'S ANXIETY

After years of patient toiling
With a house-hold full of care;
Mindful to save things from spoiling
When the funds were rather spare.

Struggling on through many trials
Faithful mother stood so firm,
Cheering others with her smiles
While she battled through the term.

Oh if her hopes should be blasted,
If her children go astray—
And her health that might have lasted
By the mental strain gives way.

And with her heart weakened by pain
With anguish too deep for words,
Mother yearns and strives once again
To restore love's broken cords.

The children surely will not turn
From the pleasant paths of right,
But learn the evil things to spurn
That lead to ruin and blight.

Although we cannot mend the heart,
Or restore the youthful mind:
We can repent and show in part
Our grief, if we've seemed unkind.

Sleepless nights and anxious sorrow
For the child that loved to roam,
Will show their traces tomorrow
On mother's face at home.

Gray hair and deeply wrinkled cheeks
Are the marks of trying years,
But the sparkling eye plainly speaks
If joy has exceeded tears.

What if the human form is bent,
The face old, and faded hair—
If the life has been wisely spent
There is no need for despair.

Only the love for our dear ones
Whom we think still need our care,
Makes us wish on earth to tarry
To help their burdens to bear.

HAPPINESS

Dear little mother old but glad
To welcome her childern home
On this day she could not be sad,
Or let her mind wander or roam.

Bob came from the far away East,
Joel and Nancy from the North,
The others from the South and West
And made life seem twice its worth.

When mother's happiness they felt
Their hearts too full for a word,
They all together humbly knelt
In praise to their gracious Lord.

We thank you Lord, the eldest said
In tones so deep and fearless,
We feel that our hearts were led
To mother's home so cheerless.

Poor little mother old and gray
With tears glistening in her eyes,
Said, remember this gladsome day
Till we meet beyond the skies.

REMEMBRANCE

Thoughts of mother often come to me
As the days and years go fleeting by.
In fancy the kitchen shelves I see
Covered with paper, I wondered why
She scalloped them artistically
With cut designs that so pleased the eye?

I recall the ever faithful care
She gave her children with pure delight
It seemed she was anxious to prepare
All things needful to keep the home right.
She never failed to offer a prayer
At morning, at noon, and then at night.

Dear mother filled so many places,
For righteousness she earnestly strove.
She washed the four dear little faces
Many times a day with tender love,
And filled up all the extra spaces
Teaching of heavenly things above.

MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY

A mother once happy and gay
Soliлоquized in a sad way.
Why does he my kisses withhold
Is it just because I am old?

My health is good, my teeth are sound,
What other reason could be found?
We've kissed since his life was begun
This boy and I, my loving son.

He always gave a kiss or two,
This son of mine so kind and true.
For twenty years and even more
We've enjoyed our kiss at the door.

I wonder what has caused this change
It does seem awful hard and strange,
I ponder and I wonder why?
It grieves me and I often cry.

How this should come so suddenly
Will always be a mystery.
A grudging kiss I would not have
Merely bestowed as balm or salve.

All through life I've tried to be brave,
To my loved ones graciously gave
My time, and of my life the best,
Ever praying that they be blest.

I shall not worry or repine,
But simply to my fate resign.
And though I long for my kisses—
He may wish for those he misses.

For after all when life is o'er
We'll care for earthly things no more.
The pang for what I missed so much
Will vanish with the heavenly touch.

SAD

Poor darling mother old and gray,
Only a few more years to stay;
Daily wearing her life away
With the burdens of every day.

Sorrow registered on her brow
With pencil cruel and deep;
And those who recognize her now
Cannot fail to sigh or weep.

Once so happy and full of cheer,
Spreading sunshine everywhere.
None could be sad when she was near,
Her smile would drive away their care.

Where gloom its shadows was casting
Her presence made them depart,
And her friendship was everlasting,
It came from a pure, true heart.

SCRAPS

Parents ask and expect but little,
They give unstintingly their best
Love and care, all that's beneficial
For their children they endure life's test.

All along life's pathway of duty
They struggle in all things to be true,
Planning ever toward the future
For their offspring's gain in all they do.

The dear parents never do complain,
However neglected they may be.
The children are busy they'll explain
And continue on contentedly.

We never pause to think in our haste,
The grievous mistakes we are making,
Giving our parents only the waste
From whom all we have, we've been taking.

Every moment, or slightest token,
Given to parents while they yet live,
Will keep the cords of love unbroken,
And a blessing God will surely give.

The Lord is often given the scraps,
After we satisfy our desire,
Sometimes within our hearts conscience raps,
Calls, and bids us do what God requires.

Don't give the scraps to those we should love,
Our dear parents the best friends on earth.
And praise the Lord who blest from above
Those who watched over us from our birth.

Give the scraps to the dog and chickens,
Which is the proper order of things;
Animals are made for such pickings,
Thus the scraps to us a profit brings.

INVISIBLE WOUNDS

They ache as much as the wounds we see, (even more)
On the surface of things in this life, as we go,
Invisible wounds that hurt clear through, (to the core)
We doctor them tenderly with all that we know,
With remedies never failing all things to do,
But we fail to reach the wound hidden from view.
Many wounds come and go during life's general
trend—
But invisible wounds will remain to the end.

GOLD STAR MOTHERS (*Our Guests*)

We greet each one of you as our guest,
And we all with one accord would say
In loving words, our dearest and best;
God bless you Gold Star Mothers today.

The treasure God placed within your keeping,
The hero son of your greatest love;
Who now dwells where there is no weeping,
Will welcome you to that home above.

We do not wish to cause you sadness,
Or revive the anguish of your heart;
But in your memory with gladness,
We hope that this day may have a part.

We mothers all feel your loss keenly,
And shed many sympathizing tears,
You have borne your deep grief serenely
As the dreary days lapsed into years.

You have passed through great sorrow and woe,
But the dark clouds have shifted aside.
May your path with peace and sunshine glow,
As God shall lead you, and be your guide.

OUR SOLDIER BOY

Our brave soldier son of the World War,
How his heart must have yearned with an ache;
For his home and sick father afar,
'Twas enough to make his courage break.

He had never been away from home,
Reared with the most tender love and care.
To his sick father's bed he would come
Every evening and would linger there.

The Call came for men to fight and save
Our Country's honor, wealth and power,
This son enlisted, so noble and brave
To be loyal in this trying hour.

Oh the anguish of his mother's heart
While night and day she fervently prayed,
This young son of her life, was a part,
His absence sorely upon her weighed.

We were proud of our stalwart young son,
A true Christian since he was a child.
We hoped if he lived when war was done,
He'd remain honest and undefiled.

The dear faithful son returned to home,
But the sparkle of mirth was not there.
He sacrificed and had solemn grown,
Caused by the hardships he had to bear.

Yet we are thankful that this dear son,
Is not numbered among those who died
In France, whose lives were scarcely begun,
Many not even identified.

THE STAR OF GLORY

That spoke to each mother's heart;
It showed there was one in the service,
Who took a soldier's part;
All that we saw in that emblem fair
Told of our son, "Over There";
That was the meaning of star and flag
As we knelt in earnest prayer.

*(Adaptation of a selection from American
War Mother's Magazine)*

FATHER'S OR DAD'S DAY

Today is Dad's or Father's Day,
The second Sunday in June each year.
Be sure the kindest words to say
To father while he's with you here.

Each child comes to Dad with a gift
Of love, their gratitude to show,
Which surely must his heart uplift,
When such tenderness they bestow.

No father is ever jealous
Of the annual "Mother's Day,"
Dear mother so fond and zealous
To safeguard us over life's pathway.

'Tis only right that Dad should have
A special day to honor him,
For he sacrificed and gave
All the best of his life for them.

Dad provides for you all the year,
Himself wearing shoes that need soles
That you may have a comfort and cheer,
E'n though he wears patches and holes.

Even the Dad that is a "Pal"
Will feel the thrill of a surprise,
A token individual
Makes love-light glisten in his eyes.

Faithful father tender and true,
Protector through troubles that come.
A twin blessing bestowed on you
Is Mother and Dad in the home.

GRANDMOTHER

Today as in the days of old
Grandmother is worth her weight in gold.
She holds the most envious place,
And fills the greatest, grandest space.

The baby in her arms we're sure
Sees love reflected in her face,
From danger feels safe and secure
While in grandmother's fond embrace.

And we feel grandmother's glory
In blessings that God did unfold.
We believe the sweet old story
That she to us so often told.

GRANDFATHER

A boy can have no better friend
Than grandfather in childhood days.
He'll soon learn that he may depend
On him to choose the wisest ways.
And teach him that he should not spend
His youth in idleness or plays
That lead to wrong, or might offend
One who easily disobeys.

Grandfather kept the Golden Rule
To help those who seemed to be weak.
With faithfulness his constant tool
Aroused many his God to seek.
And so should we, at home and school
Be sure the proper words to speak.
Trust in God to care for our soul
Although some days are dark and bleak.

MY CHILD

My beautiful boy with eyes so brown,
And golden curls adorning his head.
I felt so proud when I took him down
Through the streets, and smiled at all he said.

I spent three years of greatest pleasure,
With this wonderful baby of mine,
He the most precious earthly treasure
I had ever known so genuine.

But when it pleased God to claim His own,
He sent for my treasure to be brought;
Then all my hopes to heaven had flown
With the purest, though yearning thought.

Over a period of some years
Sadly I missed the star of our home,
The sunshine was so faint through my tears,
Though peace to my heart from God had come.

Yet long after my child had been gone
In anguish I gazed up to the sky,
And then through the window I looked down,
What I saw on the ground made me cry.

The dear little shoe-tracks in the mud
Perfectly these tracks their shape had kept;
My grief bursted forth like a cloud
As I looked at the tracks, and wept.

These shoe tracks remained until the rain
Obliterated them from my sight,
And though they caused me severest pain
Memory of them is a delight.

These same little shoes are put aside
Among my keep-sakes so dear to me;
And his portrait brings him to my side,
Like in the dear days, that used to be.

MOTHER-IN-LAW

The mother-in-law we recognize
Is not in the proverbial way;
To us kindness she personifies,
And her advice we gladly obey.

Now mother-in-law our sorrow shares,
And helps us our trials to endure,
When we have burdens and grievous cares
Her presence makes us calm and secure.

In speaking of her sons, and their wives,
Happily their methods she praises;
Perfect contentment in their home thrives,
Without discord, or angry phrases.

RETROSPECTION

When I yield to the moods of old age,
And sum up all the years of my life
I conclude that the best written page
Is the endurance to resist strife.

I find myself checking up the past,
The joys and sorrows we've traveled through,
And I shall feel thankful at the last
For the strength and faith that kept us true.

I often sit and get to thinking
Of the children and their childhood pranks,
I smile, but my eyes go to blinking
While my heart abounds in fervent thanks.

In the old home comes many sad days,
When the children are considered grown;
Yet when we count up the glad days
We revel in the joys we have known.

Why does a mother's heart ever ache
Over worthless, discarded old toys,
Even through tears sweet memories take
Mother back to play days with her boys?

The trains, wagons, marbles and the blocks,
Kite-strings that would get in tangled gnarles
That brought on trouble, and threatened knocks,
And caused so many childish quarrels.

Also of her precious little girls
Mother does many events recall,
The combing of the long, soft, brown curls,
The beads, and the idolized bisque doll.

This may appear quite foolish and vain,
But those who have gone through the same way
Will understand, perhaps feel the pain
That comes at the close of mother's day.

God the Ruler of our home and heart
Has ever been our most trusted guide;
To Him our grief we humbly impart
And securely in His love abide.

PERHAPS

I think that perhaps I could
Write something noble and good,
Lofty thoughts surge through my veins
But may fail to reach my brains.

Yet poetry I cannot shun.
I'll finish what I've begun,
Regardless of all check-reins
As I walk through dreary lanes.

THE SENSE OF HEARING

When we speak of the sense of hearing
Our mind drifts to music first of all,
Its influence is fine, and cheering,
And inspires us to a higher call.

Our thoughts immediately wander
To the woodland where music abounds.
O'er the song-bird's clear notes we ponder,
As the wind carries the carefree sounds.

Music is like a heavenly voice
Whispering sweet love notes in our ear,
Stirs our souls and bids our hearts rejoice
Making sadness and gloom disappear.

We're thankful for music as a gift
Of divinest blessing here on earth;
'Twas given for our souls to uplift,
In grateful praise we acclaim its worth.

We call to mind the sound of laughter,
The old church-bell ringing loud and clear.
And sacred songs that follow after—
The organ's persuasive tones we hear.

There's music in the cool trickling rain,
And in the rustle of leaves as they fall.
The breezes take up the soft refrain,
While the murmuring brook charms us all.

The echo mocks from the vale and hills,
Every sound which through the forest rings
Gratitude our hearts with rapture fills
For all that the sense of hearing brings.

The horn from ships at sea in the fog
Gives warning of danger being near.
The moan in the sea-shell too we log
In the low mumbling sound that we hear.

We cannot estimate the value
Of all the different sounds we hear,
We realize, and we're grateful too
For the wonderful use of the ear.

Just imagine the monotony
If there was only one sound to hear,
No matter how sweet that sound might be
We would be minus much joy and cheer.

There's not a sound that I might mention
Or record, but those we all have heard;
So I merely call your attention
To God, who gave sounds as He preferred.

FIVE CROWNS

The teacher holds the crown of glory,
As he imparts the blessed story
To man, who wins and saves a mortal
He shall be praised in heaven's portal.

A crown of rejoicing is promised
For the winning of souls here on earth.
Our influence spreads beyond the years
And may have helped subdue many fears.

The crown of righteousness we hold dear,
While we wait for our Lord to appear,
In victory we shall all rejoice
When we hear our blessed Saviour's voice.

The incorruptible crown we're told
Is for living right while young, till old,
These crowns to us shall be given
When we meet our Saviour in heaven.

The crown of life is for faithfulness
In careful service for righteousness,
Temptation overcome by prayer,
Helping others their burdens to bear.

TASTES AND TALENTS

Some folks with pictures bedeck their halls,
Others have extremely barren walls.
Music to some is a daily boon
Its influence keeps their heart in tune.

Some homes are cheerful with growing fern
While others have not one flower urn.
Some have vases and bowls, that are rare,
On shelves, tables, kept with utmost care.

Children and various bric-a-brac
Make homes ideal which many folks lack,
Some revel in books and value much
The element of refining touch.

We find many who are fond of birds,
And people who would rather write words
Expressing in ryhme, thoughts of their mind,
According to taste, they pleasure find.

The talent to sculptor, or to paint
Is given to some without restraint,
While others may strive with anxious heart
In vain, to achieve a place in art.

So as our tastes and talents we use
Special paths or pursuits we may choose,
E'en though the future we cannot see
What Dame Fortune or Fate may decree.

SILENCE

To cover sins and faults we see
With the mantel of charity,
Is far better than to reveal
The bruises that we keenly feel.

Silence oft is golden we know
It is the best trait we can show;
By sympathetic secrecy
We may prevent much misery.

We all have trials and sorrow
Hoping for a bright tomorrow.
Some may encounter deeds of shame
For which they may not be to blame.

Silence then, is a friendship deep
Sacredly a secret to keep.
With the Golden Rule in our heart
We seldom fail to do our part.

In silence we can often bear
The worst of grief and heavy care,
Our healing wound might soon be well
If no one our secret would tell.

A sorrow deep which one would hide
From all except their own fireside;
With hearts all torn they sadly grope
Through life, to face their blighted hope.

Time, the healer of many woes
Does its part as onward it goes.
Silence is a blessing we'll find,
Oft the best friend to all mankind.

INQUISITIVE WHY?

Why does mother worry when I'm away?
Why should she even care about me?
I'm not a child that might stumble or stray,
I'm no more the baby I used to be.

Mothers cannot make the whole world go right,
Surely I know how to keep out of strife,
Mothers do not have to help men to fight.
Woman's realm is to control the home-life.

Son, mother is anxious when you're away,
She cannot follow her big boy or try
To guard and guide his footsteps lest they stray,
As she used to, so, that's the reason why.

Greater evils confront the grown-up man
Than the boy who knelt at his mother's knee,
And mother keenly sees across life's span
The dangers and pitfalls, he does not see.

YOUR BAG OF GOLD

A hunchback woman lived on the hill,
She, as well as her child was unknown.
Among strangers she was stricken ill,
She died, and her babe was left alone.
This mother who had worked at the mill
Was claimed by the Master for His own.

If I had your bag of shining gold
I could have done much good I am sure,
Those battling with poverty and cold
I would have helped to keep their lives pure.
This story would never have been told,
Your gold could have helped her to endure.

From childhood until she had grown old,
This hunchback had struggled, but in vain.
Destitute, when your surplus of gold
Might have helped her courage to sustain,
But despondent, her honor she sold—
Which could never be retrieved again.

I'd spend your gold on the Poor we've found,
I would give generously to all
The desolate families around;
I'd respond with help to every call.
You've withheld your gold, deaf to the sound
Of the helpless, who were doomed to fall.

You have hoarded your gold all these years
With no profit during life's long scope,
Now you are lonely, with fretful fears
And theres' nothing to offer you hope,
Though you repent with regret and tears
When you get to the end of your rope.

If I had your bag of shining gold
I'd show you the best way to live,
To be happy when you become old.
Your gold to the needy I would give—
Then mercy would her blessings unfold
In return for your old bag of gold.

When you come to the end of your time
With no record of good deeds you've done,
'Twill be sad to hear the doleful chime
Your life and your gold wasted and gone.
At heaven's gate with a glimpse sublime
'Twill be too late for you to atone.

MY FRIENDSHIP GARDEN

In my garden much time I spend,
Especially the morning hours.
Each plant representing a friend
Bestows upon me love-showers.

I admire and enjoy each plant—
Given by a friend or neighbor,
When my hopes in blossom they grant,
All their care is pleasant labor.

I love these friendship garden gifts,
The crepe myrtles of mellow red—
And my mind to syringa drifts
As its fragrant odor is shed.

Altheas and the bridal-wreath,
Lilies of every kind and shade.
Verbenas growing underneath
The shrubs, along the mossy glade.

Sweet lilacs from a friend most dear,
Honey-suckle and columbine,
Among the first we planted here
In this friendship garden of mine.

Lavender shrubs blue and the white,
Pomegranate and golden-glow,
Forsythia with flowers bright—
And lantana's brilliant show.

Japonica and Purple-leaf,
Abelia with Lasker-Place blue.
Cactus and oxalis are chief
Among plants that thrive the years through.

The countless givers of roses
Are lodged deep in my memory,
And love in my heart reposes
Toward my garden's destiny.

Not half are listed in these ryhmes
Of friends, or flowers bestowed
But in my garden many times
With thoughts of them, my tears have flowed.

Many have passed away in death
Of these friends of my garden green.
But in the fragrant flower's breath
In fancy they are often seen.

OLD FAVORITE FLOWERS FROM MY GARDEN

A group of favorite posies
Culled from an old garden space:
All are not fragrant like roses,
But each fills a worth-while place.

The Pinks, Corn-flower and Pansy,
Petunia and Butter-cup,
And the old-time plant called Tansy
That keeps the chickens "pepped" up.

The Peppermint, so good to smell,
Growing close to Jonquil bold,
And the Daisies that never tell
Always agree with Marigold.

The dainty moss of every hue,
Sweet-basil, a fragrant treat,
And Sweet-peas, Glowing in the dew,
The Violet seem to greet.

The Honeysuckle coral and white,
Where humming-birds love to come.
'Tis said, Four-o'clocks bloom all night,
While Poppies always sleep some.

Sweet-William and Black-eyed-Susan,
By the Morning-glory vine;
Bouncing-Betty, in seclusion
Snuggled 'neath the Jessamine.

For blue, we take Ageratum,
With Larkspur, to have a part,
And the grand, old Geranium,
Coleus and Bleeding-heart.

Bachelor-buttons are good to dry
And hang up in a wall-vase.
While Old-maid Zinnia, not so shy,
Holds her own in any case.

Ivy which clings to the church wall,
And stately Holly-hocks,
Verbena's nature is to crawl
Mingled with the modest Phlox.

The exquisite Heliotrope
And Salvia, we admire;
Begonia, and the meek Dewdrop, -
With Fern fulfils our desire.

Golden-rod, our chosen flower,
Iris (flag) and lilies pure,
Nasturtium through the shower
Like the Cosmos, does endure.

Our annual beauty, Tulip,
Will soon disappear from view,
Golden-glow and sturdy Cowslip
Grows near the Wandering—Jew.

The Sun-flower ruddy and rough
Keeps up with the time of day.
Live-forever waxy and tough,
Like Cactus grows well in clay.

The Snap-dragon, one of the last
Found in the old garden plot,
Among favorites of the past
Now whispers "Forget-me-not."

THE MISSION OF FIVE EASTER LILIES

After many years of longing,
An Easter lily to own;
While the city streets were thronging,
A woman wandered alone.

Since her childhood she had wanted
Just one Easter lily bloom,
In her girlhood still undaunted,
Hoped to have one in her room.

As the matron of a household,
Patiently her place she filled;
Until one dreary day so cold—
Her dear husband's life was stilled.

No hope for an Easter lily,
Ever crossed her sad heart now.
For her life seemed dark and chilly,
And despair was on her brow.

So she toiled for mere existence,
For herself and others too;
Who could give her no assistance
As she passed the long years through.

In a china tea-pot dropping,
Pennies two or three each day;
For many years without stopping,
She did store them in this way.

Thus she saved and never thinking
How pennies do accumulate,
Facing duty, never shrinking,
Rising early, working late.

All at once a bright thought flashes,
Through her sad but tranquil brain,
And upon her long eye-lashes,
Come the tears like falling rain.

Oh! I wonder if I may not
Now obtain my cherished goal,
And the gleanings of my tea-pot
Thus bring cheer to some sad soul.

In the crowded city yonder,
Where the lily bulbs are sold;
She did gaze in greatest wonder,
When the price to her was told.

For the savings of her tea-pot
Would buy for her more than one,
Five lily bulbs was—then her lot
And her purchasing was done.

Easter day was fast approaching,
And the lilies near in bloom
In their stalks the buds were croaching
While their fragrance filled the room.

Secretly she had confided
If she kept them, who could blame,
Yet within her heart decided
To be selfish was a shame.

Then a maiden rushed in weeping
For her sister Nell had died;
Of her lily harvest reaping
She a blessing there applied

Unto her cottage door was brought
The news both welcome and true,
A birth at the parsonage, they thought
Of a son, to bless the two.

There also a lily shall go,
My friendship thus expressing
And love through the lily bestow,
To cheer and be a blessing.

She also heard of a poor girl,
Who was to have a wedding—
She did not care to own a pearl
But blooms their odors shedding.

Her Easter lilies fated seemed,
Surely one was needed there;
She gave the best and most esteemed
For this poor, young bride to wear.

The next of her valued treasures
To a hospital was sent,
To cheer, console, and give pleasure
To one now with sorrow bent.

Only one Easter lily left
To place at the church altar,
Of all five she would be bereft
But, yet she must not falter.

This fifth one bloomed more than the rest
Sending forth its sweet perfume,
Shedding beauty that truly blest
With joy dispelling all gloom.

Five Easter lilies pure and white
Fulfilled their mission we know
By making many hearts delight
In the gifts God, does bestow.

TEXAS BLUEBONNETS

These bonnie blossoms of Texas,
Are the loveliest shade of blue
They seem to soothe, even bless us
With their mild and delicate hue.

Our beautiful Texas flower,
The bluebonnet modestly sweet
With leaves like a starry shower,
Midst the blooms, is beauty complete.

Closely they cluster together
Along on a pale tender stem,
Gently they wave in all weather
As if greeting those passing them.

The bluebonnet flower grows wild
In the glorious Lone Star State.
We tell of them to every child
To show how God makes small things great.

We look, and note the azure sky,
Then down at our beauties of blue;
The One who gave the moving eye
Provides for bluebonnets the dew.

Thus in their own fashion they grow,
Being all that could be desired.
They seem a blessing to bestow
And so deserve to be admired.

Bluebonnets are known far and wide,
In pictures, cards, real life and verse.
They grow all along the road-side
A delight to the universe.

The bluebonnets deeply appeal
To artists seeking something grand.
Bluebonnets on the heart doth seal—
The wonders of God's glowing land.

Pretty Bluebonnets are growing
All over our grand Texas fields,
We ask not who did the sowing
When we see such bountiful yields.

YELLOW FLOWERS

Far over in a distant field
Grew a patch of yellow jonquils,
Where the atmosphere seems to wield
A charm, that lured the daffodils.

Yellow daisy with heart of gold,
And butter-cup of paler hue,
Calendula of courser mold
To aid, also comes into view.

The golden-rod we all admit
Makes a brilliant sheen of its own,
Golden-glow amply does her bit
Till cosmos in full bloom is shown.

The marigold in yellow dressed
Proudly glances toward the sky,
But dandelion thinks it best
To close up when the sun is high.

Yellow poppies grow on the ridge,
That leads to fields of golden grain,
And lofty crocus from the bridge
We see close by the sugar-cane.

Woolly mullen covers the crest,
While sun-flowers edge the lane,
And black-eyed-Susan with the rest,
Claims a part in the yellow strain.

There are other yellow flowers
That will bloom in their due season,
But not appearing now with ours
We omit them for that reason.

THE POPPY

The Poppy we're told gives surcease,
At times when we are racked with pain,
Its opium brings to us peace
And rest, to the body and brain.

Poppy's presence in the sick-room
Banishes the dismal and drear,
Its perfume calms amid the gloom,
And dispels the worry and fear.

The poppy cheers, and seems to bless,
With rapturous, colorful bloom,
It wafts its fragrance to caress,
And soothe, the agony of doom.

The fever-wearied fall asleep
Under poppy's magic power,
Often those who in anguish weep
Find repose, by this rare flower.

Poppy's opium fills the air,
Swaying to and fro o'er the fields
We stand and gaze, forgetting care,
While poppy her influence wields.

Our hearts are touched with gratitude
As we view these poppies so grand,
We drift into a hallowed mood,
For they were planted by God's hand.

They grow in such a multitude
To honor, this most sacred spot
In France, where our soldiers once stood—
Poppies thrive without blight or blot.

THE CHERRY BLOSSOM TREE

Under the tree of cherry blossoms
I felt so very close to the Lord.
This was one of the first we planted
On our new home-place in the front yard.

This tree was a mass of snowy white,
Such wondrous beauty is seldom seen.
I hoped and prayed that nothing should blight
The luscious fruit these blossoms would mean.

Joyous, happy birds of early Spring,
Came to seek a place to build their nest.
Through the branches they'd loiter and sing,
Choosing this tree for shelter and rest.

In time birdling voices we could hear
Among the cherries now ripe and red.
We could see the mother-bird appear,
Making sure that every babe was fed.

Under this tree of cherry blossoms
Where the children delighted to play,
We have spent so many happy moments
It was my favorite place to pray.

THE REDBUD TREE

We see the redbud by the wayside,
In the forest with its blossoms rare.
Flourishing in rural nature's pride
Ever refreshed by the balmy air.

It grows along our public highways,
Among rough and rugged hedges.
In the wildwoods where nature surveys
A path, upon the ravine's edges.

The redbud also thriftily grows
In stony soil, in clay and in sand.
Through intense heat and severest snows
It survives, and supplies Spring's demand.

Redbud glows amid the budless trees,
In advance of all Springtime flowers,
While Winter winds still threatens to freeze,
It blooms serenely through cold showers.

Behold the redbud in the sunshine
Radiant with peculiar tints,
Harmonious purplish-red combine
With occasional cerise glints.

The redbud yields its portion of cheer
With its bright leafy branches for shade.
We're proud that the Redbud tree grows here
And of the tribute the artist paid.

Though the legend of Judas we've heard
Which casts on you a shadow of shame,
We do not, will not utter a word,
Or believe you should bear any blame.

AN OLD ARBOR-VITAE

Quite stately stands this exquisite tree,
Fanned by Summer's gentle breezes.
Its branches spreading graceful and free,
All through Winter's icy freezes.

In the corner of the garden lot,
Unnoticed perhaps it may be
Yet within our heart a tender spot
Is felt for this bountiful tree.

This Arbor-vitae though tossed and blown
For more than twenty years has stood,
Through heat and drouth has steadily grown
And truly has yielded much good.

Although its boughs were often broken,
In time were healed, yet left a scar
And when entwined in floral token
The cruel print was there to mar.

It flinches not at the gardener's shears
As the beautiful fronds he clips,
For its sturdy branches have no fears,
Neither sighs for the pale green tips.

I speak of this tree of twenty years
For the mission it has fulfilled,
It has helped to lessen mournful tears
Where aching hearts with grief were filled.

As I pause to reflect and review,
I count funerals by the score
To which this arbor-vitae is due
Sympathy's tribute at the door.

It has served as background for bouquets,
And wreathes for the brave soldier's graves.
Also has adorned caskets with sprays
And sprigs have been cast on the waves.

So why should we not graciously give
Flowers and fronds of evergreen?
While such trees as arbor-vitae live
From which so much good we may glean.

DECEMBER TREES

Trees in December have their part
In awakening pleasant thoughts,
By some strange, peculiar art,
E'en without leaves, they gladden hearts.

When I look between the spaces
Of the trees' bare limbs and branches,
I can see my neighbor's faces
Through their windows, in December

We feel closer to our neighbors,
With a clear, unobstructed view
From our house, to those of others,
Back of us, and on each side, too.

December trees look cold and bare,
At just the first casual glance,
But they live within, with no fear—
Nurtured, and given nature's chance.

Their boughs are like arms uplifted,
Though stripped of their gorgeous leaves,
With rare beauty trees are gifted,
And each tree gives, as it receives.

But December's most lovely tree,
Is the glittering tree of fame;
The Christmas tree with mirth and glee,
In honor, of the Christ-child's name.

The birth of Christ means much to all
Everywhere, recognized or not,
December's trees and joys should call
Us to Him, who forgeteth not.

THANKSGIVING

Oh my heart, give thanks today,
For the mercies you've received;
Give thanks to God, and obey
His word, since you've been relieved,
Thanksgiving without delay
Brought strength when my heart was grieved.
Give thanks your love to convey
To God, in whom I have believed;
Give thanks all along the way
Thus, many have joys perceived.
Give fervent thanks to God,
For he endureth forever.

MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas is a holy, blessed day,
Ever since Bethlehem's star led the way
To the honored mother, comfortless
And the babe who came the Earth to bless.

On this day our hearts should recognize
The Gift to the world of God's only Son,
For all mankind as a sacrifice
To die, to save sinners every one.

Our hearts should be glad to give
Love to God, and to our fellowmen,
Good-will toward others helps us to live
Better, and brings love to us again.

God wills that every heart should rejoice,
Giving praise to Him in gratitude
To proclaim His gift, with heart and voice
In love, for the blessings each day renewed.

At Christmas time our hearts are aroused,
Christ's spirit seems to possess and reign
In the hearts of all, the world around,
Expressing their Good-will toward men.

The real spirit of giving prevails
As God so bountifully doth give
To all who trust Him, He never fails
To provide for our needs while we live.

THE NEW YEAR

While the bells ring out the old year,
And likewise usher in the new,
We oft feel sad the chimes to hear
When the dear, dead past we review.

Yet, the New Year brings joyous hope
To the human heart full of trust,
We see as through a telescope
Our way, and life try to adjust.

The New Year's spirit showing forth
In the splendid folks that we meet,
They enjoy the glories of earth
And smile as each other they greet.

Farewell Old Year, since you must go
Our mistakes with you we'll bury;
Welcome New Year with hearts aglow,
For with us twelve months you'll tarry.

Many things have been neglected
In the year now vanished away,
With new zeal wisely directed
Good deeds we promise for each day.

WONDERFUL SNOW

Lightly the snow-flakes downward fly
Darting playfully as they fall,
Swiftly they come down from the sky
Till their white beauty covers all.

Softly the snow-drifts pack in space
Down in the valley's depth they chose,
On the house-tops cover the place—
And under the eaves crept and froze.

Only God can give us the snow,
The multitudinous light flakes
By which He does His love bestow
In the benefits that snow makes.

Only God knows the great number
Of these flakes that blankets the earth
With snow, that flowers may slumber
Underneath its nourishing worth.

I gaze through my kitchen window
Upon the icicled, bare trees,
Beautiful setting in the snow,
Wonderful scene, wrought by the freeze.

All through the severe Winter's frost
Perfectly safe trees bend and shake.
In the ground seeds, and sap seem lost
Till Spring, when God bids them awake.

THE RIVER

We should all value the river
That flows along the edge of town.
We should acknowledge the Giver
Of water that to us comes down.

In the morning with golden glow
Transparent beauty there is seen,
While o'er the river breezes blow
The sun makes a silvery sheen.

From the bank of this wide river
I watched its ripples as they went
Like silver tipped wings that quiver
While on its ceaseless errand bent.

The river serves in many ways
As it flows onward with the tide.
We know how pleasant 'tis to gaze
O'er the waves by the riverside.

It gives water our thirst to quench
An abundance for cleanliness
And the grass on our lawn we drench,
All from the river's lavishness.

It serves to carry waste away
Daily fresh water to supply,
Rushing onward day after day
Which should impress the passer-by.

Then too, it must be purified
Which by creation was prepared.
Insects thus are identified
As a means, and purpose declared.

It affords real pleasure for all
In boating, fishing, or to swim,
Or the cool breezes may enthrall
When under a tree's shady limb.

The river flows peacefully on
Murmuring softly through the night.
It sparkles under the warm sun
And glimmers when the moon is bright.

THE COUNTRY VILLAGE

A white frame church with a steeple
And schoolhouse with high slanted roof.
Furnished by worshipful people
A desire for learning gives proof.

Streets unpaved quite dusty when dry,
The square two-story public Inn
Always welcomes the passer-by
And fails not their friendship to win.

A mansion far up on the hill,
And a hovel not far below;
Cottages over near the rill
Where folks watch its clear water flow.

Then on beyond the village edge
The mill is grinding finest grain
Through bolting cloth, a sifting dredge;
And water-wheel fed by the rain.

A village blacksmith too, dwells here
And supplies the people's dire needs,
To us he has become most dear
By honest toil and noble deeds.

The village good Samaritan—
Aunt Nancy as we knew her best,
Grown old, serving all through life's span
And by her life we all were blest.

She always had an open door
To the weary, poor and downcast;
She shared with all her meager store
Trusting in God until the last.

The church-bell taps with solemn tone
For the village preacher has died,
Full fifty years of labor done
When he laid his armour aside.

In cemetery or church-yard
Monuments, and the grass kept green
The dead have our sacred regard
For what to us their lives have been.

THE CRIPPLED ALPHABET

(Dear Danny)

I want you to know that I care
What kind of a man you shall be.
I wonder if you are aware—
Your writing is shameful to see.

You make cripples of the whole set
Of the letters we have to use,
Nearly all of the alphabet
You seem to have tried to abuse.

Your open-headed A's and O's
Squint-eyed E's and squatty B's,
The lying S'es increase our woes
Even more than the spraddling D's.

The loop-bottom F's and pinched V's
Are worse than your leaning R's,
The sprawling H's, humped-back P's
And lop-sided L's shock the stars.

You've omitted the tail of Y's
And other letters of their kind.
You always fail to dot the I's
Thus causing them all to be blind.

You know it is a real disgrace
To disfigure the letters so,
Your low-down U's should have no place
In the alphabet realm to show.

It does not pay to be in haste,
To the detriment of your work,
Carelessness is a sordid waste,
And failure in your path will lurk.

A SUMMARY OF OUR PETS

The family pets were numerous,
Each child had favorites of their own.
The variety was humorous
If we could make all their antics known.

Little daughter of course preferred dolls.
Father owned forty canary birds,
The old house-cat gave them some close calls
Which brought forth the use of angry words.

There was Benjo, a pretty squirrel,
A pedigreed, white, spitz puppy-dog.
And Bully-wretch a fighting pigeon,
All listed in this pet catalog.

A big vicious rooster named Yellow
Would appear in answer to our call,
The enormous spurs of this fellow
Made life miserable for us all.

Sixty white fan-tail pigeons to house,
And white pink-eyed rabbits galore.
Then geese and ducks to quack and arouse
The guineas that were quiet before.

Ginger, the bantam hen, useful pet
That saved the eggs of deserted nests,
Year after year she'd huddle and set,
And raise the orphans between her rests.

Krit, the bird-dog with spots of dark brown,
Who terrorized mother's flock of chicks.
He'd never let go if he caught one
E'en though we'd whip and beat him with sticks.

Gold-fish, horned-frogs and a turtle,
And Nellie our black horse we include.
Gay-Tat, a kitten, our only pet now,
Is a trained listener to radio.

GAY-TAT

Who would have thought we'd love a cat,
A common old gray one at that
Picked up from under a wood-pile,
Just to warm by the fire, awhile?

'Twas just to be a humane act,
To save it from freezing, in fact.
But this tiny kitten refused
To be cast out, to be abused.

Through the continued icy spell
This kitten really fared quite well,
'Twas allowed in-doors to abide
Till it could safely stay outside.

But this wee gray kitten had won
Her way into our affection,
She cried and meowed at the door
And so, she stayed outside no more.

'Tis strange how fate can play such pranks
And bring about some sort of thanks,
Gay-Tat displays new tricks daily
Rolls and tumbles with spools gaily.

She follows me through the garden
And faithfully will there remain
Till I get through with the garden work
And return to the house again.

Yet most of all, I wonder how
We came to love a cat just now,
When horror always seemed to be
Within us when a cat we'd see.

This cat is beautiful, and meek,
With the finest of fur, and sleek.
She's marked with black stripes that adorn
Like necklace, and bracelets are worn.

Gay-Tat has lovely eyes, deep gold,
So eloquent, we cannot scold
When sometimes she will not obey
Or tries to overrule our way.

Gay-Tat has a cushion and chair
Of her own, and likes to sleep there.
She does not beg at the table
Or steal, though chance may enable.

Her habits are quite singular
In many ways peculiar.
She does not mind a gentle pat
And shows no fear when we say "scat."

When we have company or guests
Gay-Tat slips away and rests.
She never scorns a passing tap,
But just will not stay on our lap.

If you'd see her listening in
Over the radio, you'd grin.
Her tail beats time like a baton,
And harsh or loud tones make her frown.

We never have to be afraid
Of seeing a mouse, or a rat.
We think we are amply repaid
For saving the life of Gay-Tat.

BIRTHDAY CAKES

It is singular and quite odd,
How we form habits unaware.
Some of which we duly applaud
If with others the good we share.

When each birthday I recognized,
With a delicious birthday cake—
I never fully realized
How many cakes I had to bake.

My husband's mother kept the date
Of his birth, and made him a cake.
This custom, thus to celebrate
I decided never to break.

And so for very many years
I baked him a large raisin cake,
Fond retrospection somewhat cheers,
Yet it brings a pang of heartache.

Father was called to realms above,
The sons have married, but I know
Birthday cakes that were baked with love,
On memory's page oft will glow.

These cakes with fond recollection,
For each birthday during the year
With various decoration,
Furnished six days of joy most dear.

One ornamented with a kewpie,
Another with a bisque giraffe.
I never used anything droopy,
For I enjoyed hearing folks laugh.

One edged with pennies I recall,
Firecrackers for July birthday.
The strawberry wheel, rivaled all
For the birthday that came in May.

I just wish that I might retrace
The many unique birthday cakes,
See the bright eyes, of each one's face
Glowing with joy, free from heartaches.

ANIMAL COOKIES

Home-made animal cookies always
Seem to carry a lot of good cheer,
They are greeted with joyous laughter
Wherever they happen to appear.

They're shaped by fancy cutters of tin,
Of little consequence, you may say,
But made of good dough, rolled very thin,
They are quite distinctive in their way.

The elephant with his clumsy feet
Tho' huge, is meek as a lamb—in cake;
Sprightly pony and rabbit, so fleet,
Agree nicely with wolf when they bake.

Poor old turkey, with its slender neck,
Seldom survives the packing trials,
But saucy rooster ready to peck
Endures well as he travels for miles.

We note, also the proud looking bird,
And the faithful dog with head erect,
The humped-back camel, without a word,
Seems to consider himself correct.

A cat and a squirrel we observe
Among these animals mute of voice
They have their place and a part to serve,
Though as to their fate they have no choice.

The baker finds pleasure in the task
As she reviews the variety,
Feeling sure there will be many smiles
At this special menagerie.

These animals cookies are famous,
In the realm of cookies they excell,
A delicious treat folks proclaim us
And vow no dainties serve quite so well.

HOLIDAY STORY Or SENTIMENTAL BETTY

All holidays were observed by her,
In a very elaborate way
To celebrate, baking as it were
Appropriate cookies for each day.

January brings the New Year's bell
Cookie, and with the frisky squirrel
In cookie form with flavorous smell
Are tempting to any boy or girl.

Cookies of various description
She bakes for her own family folks,
Washington hatchets and cherry trees
Featuring the February jokes.

Most delicious fancy cookie hearts
To celebrate for St. Valentine.
Some red, some white, with the arrow darts
Quite nice to arrange in love's design.

For March the shamrock both white and green,
The cutest cookies you've ever seen,
And big high hats like St. Patrick wore
In Ireland, in the good days of yore.

April Fool's day suggests the dunce cap,
The cuckoo that shrieks and hoots at night,
And clown-men cookies make your eyes snap
For these fancy cakes are baked just right.

For Easter the cookie rabbit comes,
With eggs of every color and size.
The rooster and hen belong to homes
So, in cookies we must recognize.

May and June so far, have been left out,
Unless Easter by chance comes in May.
June might in flag cookies be about
Or in lily form come forth some day.

Fourth of July with trumpet and drums
And liberty bell cookies take part.
August gives us the bee as he hums
But he's not used in the cookie art.

In September we have Labor Day,
And we note the circus comes to town.
Cookie animals in fine array
With lions, elephants and the clown.

October the month of Halloween
With cookies of star and crescent moon.
The witch's cat too comes in the scene
Of cookie realm, and is gobbled soon.

November brings us Thanksgiving Day,
With cookies representing all these—,
Turkey, chicken, duck and fish, and they
Even as cookies are sure to please.

December, greatest month of the year,
When cookies fill an important space,
Camels, sheep, and Christmas star of cheer,
And Christmas bell always has its place.

Thus sentimental Betty takes part
In the festivities all year through,
Each month expressing in cookie art
The many good things we all may do.

Cookies to invalid aged go
At different seasons of the year.
And some to hospitals we bestow
For the crippled children cared for here.

MIS-ES TO AVOID

If a mis-step you should make
Or perhaps a sad mis-take,
Some folks may mis-understand
But true friends will clasp your hand.

To mis-represent is worse
Than many a blaming curse,
And also to mis-construe
Is a shameful thing to do.

If you're tempted to mis-quote
Turn it to a truthful note,
To wilfully do mis-chief
Is no better than a thief.

If by chance you mis-inform
Though not intending to harm,
Change it quickly, make it straight,
Neither mis-appropriate.

We do wrong when we mis-lead
Thus to gratify our greed,
For when others we mis-treat
We are sure ourselves to cheat.

Confidence we may mis-place
Though it does not cause disgrace.
But when a name we mis-use
We often create abuse.

Do not mis-interpret, please?
But shun the evils of these
Mis-es that may friendship break
And cause your own heart to ache.

AN OLD BLACK KETTLE

There's an old black, iron kettle
That has a place in our back yard,
It is made of lasting metal
And is worthy of some regard.

This old black kettle seems a part
Of the family and our home,
Used for making soap at the start
Till the price of soap, came down some.

For years it has been a wash pot,
Standing ready for every week
To furnish water boiling hot,
And it has never sprung a leak.

Many a rock was heard to click
Against this round kettle out-doors,
But strange to note the boyish trick
Failed to harm this black pot of ours.

This kettle in pictures is shown,
With pets and views of every kind,
They were kodaked for us alone
And recall much pleasure to mind.

You'll find it tipped against a tree,
The china-berry, where we wash,
Our clothes-pin bucket hangs there free
With the gourd dipper and soap squash.

Our bird dog, Krit, seemed very fond
Of standing with paws on this pot,
To pose for pictures he'd respond
Ever alert, whether called or not.

Cats and chickens and pigeons too
Seemed to choose this place to settle,
Perhaps a good, full breath they drew
On top of this old black kettle.

This old black kettle served us well
For more than forty years to date,
Its three iron legs held up well
As it stood over a red-hot grate.

We hope many years yet to use
This old kettle on our wash day,
No sum of money would induce
Us to sell or give it away.

Our old kettle is sound and strong,
This iron pot as black as jet,
And as the years may pass along
It's usefulness we'll ne'er forget.

ANGUISH OF SPIRIT

Out of my sorrow and deep distress,
While I walked in the darkest pathway,
I felt there was nothing that could bless
Or remove the dismal gloom that day.

In my anguish I cried in prayer
My heart fain on something sought to cling
For help, caring not from whence or where
Since nothing worthy had I to bring.

Yet in my hopeless moments dreaming
A glimpse of brightness around me shone,
My heart bowed low and tears yet streaming
I did not feel entirely alone.

I seemed to feel a hand upholding
Me, by my arm, gently yet quite firm,
And a tender look then beholding
A friend to guide my faith through life's term.

So out of the depths of direst woe
My heart was back to faith's mountain led,
For my Saviour would not let me go
He had bought me with the blood He shed.

Then quickly I bade my thoughts arise
And cast myself on the Saviour's love,
From sorrow's depth to the vaulted skies
I rest my soul in hope from above.

PRAISE

Complimentary expressions
Have greater effect than we think,
If we should make true confessions
Of how deep in our minds they sink.

Even expressions of pity
The touch of kindness to convey
If we're inclined to resent it,
We refrain a cross word to say.

A timely word our work to praise
E'en though we keenly feel the lack
Of merit, with new zeal we gaze
Forward, instead of turning back.

A comforting word to strugglers
Who yearn to write a worthwhile book,
Just a hand upon their shoulder
For success, was all that it took.

'Twill help the ambitious along
For higher endeavors to strive.
Your praise may make the weak ones strong
And give them courage to survive.

We may not think or ever know
How our praise may have given strength,
To one whose hope was faint and low
And helped them gain success at length.

BEREAVEMENT

It is a grief so hard to bear
When death takes one we love away.
We'd give up all our strength to care
For them, if they could only stay.

We do not seem to think quite right,
And anxiously hope life shall win
Over death, e'en though heaven's light
Shines to banish the gloom within.

But when by death God has spoken
And called His child to come above,
Though the cord of life is broken
We are still united in love.

For love lives even after death,
This trait from God we inherit
Which binds us to heaven while earth
Holds us, regardless of merit.

We must not grieve we're often told,
And our hearts struggle to be brave.
We know we shall again behold
Our loved ones beyond the cold grave.

In thankfulness we praise our Lord
For this hope and His loving care,
The precious promise in His word
To help us our sorrows to bear.

THE HANDY OLD STRING BAG

Together we go down the streets,
Shopping through all the largest stores;
I carry home the best of meats,
And I'm worth a lot on these chores.

She starts out, this lady of mine
With a long list of things to buy.
I am a light, flat bag of twine
Crotched in holes, each like an eye.

Of course I am limp when empty
And hang way down low 'cause I'm long,
When we come home I have plenty
To prove that I'm handy and strong.

My lady almost steps on me
When we are walking around town,
But when she starts loading you'll see
Me spread, as she presses things down.

We return home looking a sight
She is tired, stooped over and bent,
I'm shrunk, stuffed with things squeezed
 in tight,
And lots of her money is spent.

But I like to go on these trips,
My lady also pleasure finds;
With confidence my handle she grips
For I can hold goods of all kinds.

Without her bag she seldom goes
Her handy old bag made of strings,
Though the load is heavy, she knows
I'm able to carry her things.

I imagine it looks quite odd
To folks, that my lady should drag,
All through town like a safety rod
This ugly, old handy string-bag.

ROCK-A-BYE CHAIR

Quite a dear old household treasure,
This rock-a-bye cane seated chair;
No arms to bump the baby's head
As we rocked with restful pleasure.
Our darling babe so sweet and fair
Liked this chair better than her bed.

The rock-a-bye chair served as well
For a horse and buggy, or train,
As it did to rock babes to sleep.
Of the joy rides I'd like to tell
As they come rushing through my brain,
But my heart o'erflows and I weep.

Memories sweet, are also sad
As the dear past I would relate.
The baby hands holding so fast
To mother's eardrops, as she had,
When the rickety rocking rate
Became too rough for her at the last.

This old rocking chair now has squeaks,
But still seems to accommodate
As the favorite chair for all;
And in its creaking to us speaks.
We all choose it, as if 'twas fate
Our childhood again to recall.

Rock-a-bye chair and mother's lap,
With the children we loved to hear
As they gleefully rocked away.
The switch with its sharp playful snap;
The noise of laughter sweet and clear
Would be a welcome sound today.

Rock-a-bye chair though very old
Conveniently stands ready,
For the folks and all of their friends
To rest in real comfort they're told.
The old chair is strong and steady,
And to our home distinction lends.

A TRIBUTE TO THE STREET CAR

I have so often been impressed
With the value of the street car,
Much gratitude unexpressed
For the men whoever they are.

How thankful when they wait for you,
Just a second as you hurry
To your shop, your time nearly due—
Thereby saving you much worry.

The kindest thoughts reign in your heart
When you barely catch your street car,
For the motorman and his part
When he keeps the car door ajar.

Just a second when you are near
The car man is allowed to wait,
But he must be careful for fear
Of his schedule, to come in late.

I appreciate the street car
And the courteous motormen,
The transfer too that takes me far
And brings me safely home again.

Riding calmly on a street car,
I window shop along the way
Through town, no parking thoughts to mar
My peace of mind, caused by delay.

And the loss we oft discover
After we get off the street car,
Which by 'phoning we recover
Through the honest man of the car.

The motormen deserve a smile
Of recognition and regard,
That will make them feel worthwhile
E'en though they expect no reward.

FOR JUANITA'S ALBUM

Friends may forsake and perhaps deceive,
But there are always some that are true.
So be true yourself, trust and believe,
And you'll find friends that will stand by you.

We should all look upon the bright side
No matter how dark the days may seem,
A cheerful mind o'er trouble will glide
And a blessing above all will gleam.

This life is a bountiful treasure,
And trials come our souls to uplift;
If our days were all spent in pleasure
Life would be vain, though a divine gift.

MY STAND-BY

Do not call a mother partial
Unless you understand quite well,
Children have traits very special,
Why this is so, no one can tell.

When I think of my stand-by boy,
The oldest of our sons so dear,
Who seemed always to bring joy
With his blithe way and laugh so clear.

He it was who helped me to care
For the little ones next in line,
So anxious the burdens to share—
Responsive to each call of mine.

My stand-by boy was like sunshine,
E'en from the first day that he lived
We thought his baby smile divine,
As if from the angels received.

And later, in manhood, he shared
The hardships and struggles that come,
He stood faithfully by and cared
To help his parents keep the home.

A SWEET PRAYER

(Our Second Son)

We admit that early impression
Will linger and bring results some way.
The family knelt in devotion
And thus we heard the little one pray.

His parents read from the Daily page
Of the orphans sick, and in distress.
This child was only four years of age
But he prayed to God in trustfulness.

Dear God send the orphans plenty coal
And some wood for fires to keep them warm.
Send Doctors to the little sick ones
And please cure the vaccinated arm.

Give them lots of bread and food to eat,
And tell the people to give them clothes,
Good shoes and stockings for their feet
To keep them nice and warm when it snows.

Another prayer was to Santa Claus,
Please go to those poor children in town
That have no Daddy to buy them toys—
And their house is nearly tumbled down.

This child, now grown, unselfish always,
Ever ready some burden to share;
A kindly interest yet portrays—
In grief and sorrows that others bear.

THE YOUNGEST SON

This the youngest of my three sons,
For years with me at home remained;
And as the lovely story runs
Providence must have so ordained.

Many duties fell upon him
As head of the home to safe-guard,
And the pleasure he provided
Surely is worthy of reward.

The best thing in life some might say,
Is to go on a vacation,
My mind never drifted that way,
At home, I found recreation.

Then there came upon me a time
When it seemed I really should go,
For a change to some distant clime,
We decided and planned it so.

And thus the tribute to this son,
To whom the financing is due,
Gifts from my children every one
Which I appreciate too.

This trip to California
For me was a wonderful treat,
The first vacation in my life,
Free from care, was a rest complete.

THE HIDE-BOUND BOYS

You may not know what hide-bound means,
Only this way can I explain.
The tired boys stretched out on the bed
Would coax mother their backs to rub.

In their childhood, while very young
They heard that pain could be relieved,
If when your skin to the spine clung
You'd rub it lose, this they believed.

They surely did enjoy the stunt,
And preferred it to their petting.
They'd wriggle and twist, grin and grunt
When their rub-down they were getting.

They didn't object to a pinch,
Or a tickle they'd get for fun.
This good old rubbing was a cinch,
And only by mother could be done.

One Sunday morning for surprise
A huge box of candy appeared.
To mother, "from the hide-bound boys"
These precious boys, that she had reared.

Many gifts to mother were brought
By these dear hide-bound boys of mine.
The favors they never forgot,
And I am glad I rubbed their spine.

CRAW-DADS

I once knew a nice little boy
Who in fishing found great joy.
He did not like to go to school
He'd rather be at the fishing pool.

Of craw-dads he was extremely fond,
And he lived not far from a cool pond.
A neighbor boy would coax him to spend
His time fishing, he the hooks would lend.

They would sit all day to catch a fish,
Craw-dads were a delicious dish;
The neighbor's mother rolled them in flour,
Fried them brown for the boys to devour.

There's fun in trying craw-dads to catch,
To see them scramble backward and scratch,
Watch them try to get away from you,
They seem to know they'll go into stew.

This little boy came home like a sneak,
He felt quite guilty and did not speak.
He knew he did wrong and was sorry
That he had caused his mother worry.

There's no harm in fishing for craw-dads,
When school duties are done, meet your lads;
The evening hours are yours to enjoy,
By this rule you'll be a happy boy.

BOY

It is thrilling to think of a boy,
Just filled to overflowing with joy.
With many possibilities
To develop into realities.

We think boys are naturally rough,
An expect them to be rather tough.
He is generally considered mean,
And is very seldom classed as clean.

The boy goes forth in his own free way,
Passing his time as he wills or may.
He goes to school to study and learn,
For every boy hopes wages to earn.

He doesn't mind a smudge of earth
To him it is just a badge of mirth.
He cares not whether the cloth matches
When as usual he wears patches.

His pockets buldge with all sorts of stuff,
He declares they are not big enough;
If you knew all his needs you'd agree
That pockets should reach down to the knee.

You'll find boys on an average run
Are happy and brimming full of fun.
The roughest and toughest you may find
Often has a superior mind.

To serve others he seems to aspire,
He shows no selfish aim or desire.
To me boys are worth their weight in gold
This to my boys I have often told.

A boy will give his last bit of bread
To a poor dog who has not been fed,
He'll bandage a wound with kindest care
Divide his food and his bed would share.

Even a shiftless boy has a heart,
Kind words may give him an upward start.
Any boy is worthy of a lift
For he is human, a divine gift.

GIVE THEM PLENTY OF ROPE

Behold a cottage on the hill,
Where happiness reigns supreme.
Children's voices lusty and shrill
Are greeted like a sunbeam.

Never a frown about the noise,
Of the happy children's glee;
No cross words about the toys
Scattered on the floor at Tea.

You may judge these folks untidy
But ah! what a great mistake,
It was their wisdom in guiding
For the best of life to make.

Gentle girls and brave, robust boys,
To safeguard with utmost care;
To shield them from evil decoys
And protect from every snare.

To preserve purity of heart,
We must do our duty well.
If in good deeds we do our part
Boundless joy will in us dwell.

The toys are gathered up at night
And stored safely in their box,
The house in order till daylight,
While in sleep each eyelid looks.

So we think it is far better
To be calm, and save our nerves,
Give full sway without fetter
To that which our health preserves.

The family reared on this style
Are fine specimens of health,
Contentment in their happy smile—
Portrays higher aims than wealth.

So give children plenty of rope,
Put check-reins where they belong.
Freedom encourages their hope,
And makes them mentally strong.

LIFE'S PATHWAY

What shall the harvest be? do we ask?
When so often it has been foretold
That as we each accomplish our task
We shall reap, is the story of old.

How happily our years we retrace,
With memories of profound delight
As through the crowded years we've kept pace
Doing all things as we thought was right.

I linger at the child-hood play-ground,
As I stroll along the beaten track
That led to where joy and mirth was found
I find much pleasure in looking back.

* * * * *

You are writing a leaflet
In your life each day,
And whatever you do
Using words as you may.

Folks listen when you talk
And watch where you walk, too.
What is the example
To follow, set by you.

—*Selected*

THE DIFFERENCE

(Prohibition)

There's a great change in verse and rhyme
Since the saloons have passed away.
We see our men at home on time,
With their happy children at play.

No scent of drink as a warner
When father to the door draws near.
No more crouching in the corner
In terror, and trembling with fear.

We write not poems of despair,
Of crying babes for milk and bread.
Fireless homes, with floors cold and bare
And mothers' hearts aching with dread.

Father's footsteps now are welcome
No fear of wicked words or beating,
Since there are no dens for liquor
Home's a place of joyful greeting.

Children fear no drunken mother
To cause them cripples to be.
No more pleading with the father
To heed poor dying brother's plea.

The steeple clock still strikes the hour,
But the children peacefully sleep.
Father's safe from liquor's power,
So mother has no cause to weep.

No more do children shrink to see
Their shoes and garments go to pawn,
Since law protects by its decree
That liquor be forever gone.

The bootlegger comes on the scene,
But he has a limited space;
He must work behind a dark screen
And dares not hold an open place.

TIME

As seconds make up minutes,
And minutes lengthen to hours,
So hours extend into days;
The days to weeks, then to months
Till we have made a full year.

So our lives are marked like time,
We should use it with great care;
Let each day sound a clear chime,
For the record it shall bear.

As we travel day by day,
Till we pass through many years
Meeting sorrow on our way,
Blest with hope to calm our fears.

While time moves unceasingly
Our hearts oft wander afar,
Evil comes increasingly
To menace, when weak we are.

Time is ruled by God alone.
We know not when life shall cease.
The kind deeds to others shown
Will our own blessings increase.

* * * *

The clock of life is wound but once
And no man has the power,
To tell just when the hands will stop,
At late or early hour.
Now is the only time you own;
So live, toil with a will,
Place no faith in "tomorrow" for
The clock may then be still.

—Selected Anonymous

LOVE MAKES PERFECT

Ah, when we are in love how strange,
Our object has no faults at all.
But of course our fancy may change,
And our idol of clay will fall.

'Tis a fault to be proud or vain,
Yet could we for this, a girl despise?
A lassie's charm for love to gain
Is the expression in her eyes.

The laughing eyes of honest gray,
And brown eyes so trustful and true;
Black eyes that steal the heart away,
And then the dreamy eyes of blue.

The vanity we see in girls
Is really what captures the heart.
The value of her silky curls,
Is fully known in Cupid's art.

She is queenly if over tall,
And graceful if her shoulders droop;
Dainty and cute if she is small
The choicest one of any group.

Truly, we're told that love is blind,
And faults are changed to a virtue.
There's no reasoning in their mind
And no use trying to argue.

A VALENTINE BETHROTHAL

A gentle maiden very shy,
Sitting alone one pleasant day,
When a young man came passing by
Paused, but did not know what to say.

A bird sat warbling in a tree,
And wondered why all was so still—
Then sang again his notes so free,
Seeming to mock with every trill.

The couple of lovers there remained
Till the bond of trust was sealed,
And from the maiden he had gained
The promise which her love revealed.

Thus the betrothal came about,
On the day of St. Valentine.
My dearest tell me, speak right out—
You know I'm yours, will you be mine?

The word was “yes,” softly spoken
By the blushing maiden so fair.
A sweet caress was the token
Of perfect trust for both to share.

PROSPECTIVE HUSBANDS

(Written for a Girl's Club)

He may have any color of hair and eyes,
Be tall, short or stout, or otherwise,
For we could love, if kindly "Mother Fate"
Would send a husband with an Estate.

And he may smoke a fragrant, fumy pipe,
Smell of printer's ink or leaden type.
And he may wear a pair of greasy jeans,
Just so he don't live beyond his means.

He may eat onion fried juicy and brown,
If he will cook them while I'm down town.
The chances that now seem so hard will fade
If straight forward to the goal he'll wade.

Some may object to red hair and freckles,
Bald-head, wrinkles, may be obstacles.
Yet many will be merciful and kind,
If he has money, they'll change their mind.

Some of us want a lively specimen,
Handsome, congenial and patient.
Full of "Pep," energy, vim and vigor,
With an erect and portly figure.

One hopes for a husband tall and slender,
Grecian nose and a heart quite tender.
With sparkling blue eyes and soft curly hair,
Capable chin and complexion fair.

Surely you'll think we are easy to please,
For you know every girl likes to tease.
But we're not trying to vamp any man,
Though we may prospectives closely scan.

BELLS

How often we have heard the wedding bells,
Their tones so sweetly soft, and clear,
Ever anew the love story tells
As the appointed time draws near.

And we also note the dinner bell,
We long and love to hear it ring.
And we fancy now that we can smell
Fried drum-sticks, and young chicken wing.

The dainty Belle, as your faithful maid,
Now humbly waits to take her stand.
Whene'er the table things are laid,
She's at your service and command.

A silver bell, dressed as serving maid
Presented as a wedding gift.
Accept this bell in friendship true,
And may it ring my love to you.

THE SCULPTOR

(Marble and Bronze)

We think of marble as hard and cold,
Our thoughts drift to the sad and dreary;
Whereas of bronze brighter thoughts we hold,
Though hard, and not a bit more cheery.

Both are worthless, while in their crude state,
Minus the touch of artistic skill;
The sculptor chisels early and late
To achieve the object of his will.

From the natural rough marble stone,
A polished memory slab he makes—
To mark a grave, otherwise unknown,
So this hallowed place the marble takes.

Bronze has distinctive preeminence;
For statue and bust-work of today;
The bronze is chosen in preference
To marble, a likeness to portray.

Me-thinks some unseen power must aid
The ardent sculptor in his work,
A life-like model his hands have made,
In the eyes a twinkle seems to lurk.

The sculptor holds a prominent part—
His fame has become Nation-wide.
We view his achievements in art
With deepest emotion and pride.

We gaze upon the magnificent
Complete work, and estimate the whole.
The arduous time the sculptor spent,
And the anxious stirring of his soul.

THE ANNIVERSARY

How pleasant are the memories
Of happy days, though past and gone,
With all the joy and mysteries
As through this world we journey on.

Even when sorrow comes our way,
We help each other to be brave.
Patiently we serve day by day,
Filling the place that duty gave.

And as time swiftly onward glides,
We may often pause with a sigh.
Yet murmur not whate'er betides
For sorrow passes no one by.

The Golden Anniversary
Which today cannot be complete,
For only in fond memory
These loving hearts each other greet.

The breaking of life's earthly chain,
Does make the home lonely and sad;
But the hope of meeting again
Sustains and makes the heart feel glad.

MUSIC IN NATURE

The warbling of birds has never been taught,
Nature has given them their charming art.
This gift from Creation with rapture fraught
Has lightened many a sorrowing heart.

The rustle of leaves through the spreading trees,
And the moaning wind passing swiftly on—
The gushing brook babbling at perfect ease
Sings through the night when we to rest have gone.

There's music in the patter of the rain
As it softly gives its spit! drip! spit! drip!
From off the roof in a singular strain,
Strikes the water-spout and sings, "spick! spick! spick!"

'Tis not always music in Nature heard,
Maybe an earthquake shock, or crash quite shrill.
The roaring of a storm, thunder's discord—
But all re-echo 'gainst the templed hill.

Is there music in the buzz of the bees?
Sometimes loud tones are produced by his sting,
And the sound is carried far by the breeze,
So Nature is proclaimed in everything.

PRONE TO ROVE

My mind is very prone to rove
To where the folks I know abide,
I find them when they are at work
And while they rest at eventide.

I visit in the midnight hour
And early at the morning's dawn,
In sunshine, or rainy shower
My mind roves onward like a fawn.

I visit in the smallest home
And where I need to climb the stairs,
It makes no difference when I come
My presence is all unawares.

By this mental roving I find
Great pleasure, when I must stay home,
It is refreshing to my mind
To flit about, to go and come.

At church I hear that some are ill,
And straightway my mind hurries there
Then up to God, pleading His will
That their cross may be light to bear.

And the aged sitting alone,
My mind goes often where they are.
It tells me too, what should be done
For they have traveled on so far.

I see the friends of long ago
On these missions of great delight,
In remembrance of folks I know
This roving mind keeps my life bright.

My mind visits folks with prayer
Whether they think of me or not,
I think of dear friends everywhere
Even though I may be forgot.

JOY AND CONSOLATION

Just to know that God is with you,
To help you to be brave and true;
To have Him always for your guide
To feel His presence at your side.
And the strength for your endurance
To trust in divine assurance,
When we come to the close of day—
And God's summons we must obey.

MY LORD

All my life Thou hast watched over me,
I have felt Thy tender care each day.
In sorrow I rested upon Thee
And found in Thee my help, hope and stay.
Thy grace for me was sufficient,
Thy mercy has ever shielded me,
With my faults Thou hast been so patient,
Thy blessings were abundant and free.
Thou hast shared all the grief of my heart
And gently soothed and comforted me;
From evil Thou hast led me apart,
Thy love has been boundless as the sea.

In gratitude I offer my Lord
Thanks and heart-felt desire Him to please,
True to Him, I'll trust His precious Word
And serve Him till earthly life shall cease.
I pray and hope that my faith shall be—
Strong as my Saviour would ask of me.
For His guiding and keeping power
I will gladly praise Him every hour.

BIRD MELODY

(Dedicated to My Pupils)

We come to honor our feathered friends,
Who make the woods and meadows ring
With songs of joy that freedom lends,
And to us cheer and gladness bring.

The canary as our household pet
Brightens our homes day after day.
When the weather is dreary and wet,
He seems ever happy and gay.

The blue-jay, red-bird, and turtle-dove,
Parrot and linnet, too we love;
The owl, cat-bird, wood-pecker and crow
No one cares for their song we know.

There's the wren and thrush and bob-o-link,
Gold-finch, starling and the black-bird,
King-fisher and oriole we think
Have a song but is seldom heard.

Chorus:—

Joyous, happy birdies gay,
How we wish that you might stay.
Sing to someone while you may
Make them happy every day.

THE LITTLE CHINEE

(A *Song*)

Me wee wee tiny chinee,
Me com-ee to Mellikee.
Me mov-ee round de countree,
Me tinkee no place for me.

Sad Chinee.

Mellikee man callee me,
Com-ee here little chinee;
Wan-na clean-ee shoes for me?
Me drop-ee down on my knee.

Poor Chinee.

Millikee man say Willee—
Wan-na go long with me?
I shak-ee my head in glee,
And man tak-ee me with he.

Glad Chinee.

To Texas he tak-ee me,
I his own little Chinee;
I black-ee boots mak-eetea,
Den I sleep-ee—all-ee free.

So happee.

Texas call-ee all men free,
Help-ee poor little Chinee,
Will-ee not be enimes;
So now I be Mellikee.

Your Chinee.

Mak-ee danc-ee jubilee,
All-ee wan-na sing melee.
Cause me com-ee over sea,
To live in Amellikee.

Free Chinee.

THE TEXAS DARKEY (*A Song*)

I'se sure glad I'se bawn in Texas,
Where de water-millions grow;
And de good old sorghum 'lasses,
From de sugar mill do flow,
I gits all de pone and 'possum,
And everything else I need,
I take my time 'bout a-working;
'cause I doesn't have to speed.

Chorus:—

Yes Ise glad, I'm never sad,
I'm mighty glad, never mad.
'Kase a Texas darky's life;
Is de best dat can be had.

And I'se glad I live in Texas
Tote-n 'taters thru the day;
And a-cookin' dem ole roas'n ears,
In de good ole fashion way.
And I likes to pick de cotton
Dat my sunny Texas yields,
'cause de bolls am easy gotten,
In our fertile Texas fields.

Second Chorus:—

'Course I'se glad to have some fun,
Makin' dose Jack-rabbits run;
Yes I'se glad dat I was bawn,
On a good ole Texas fahm.

Yes I 'spect to die in Texas
And rest 'neath de grass so green;
With a willow tree a-waving,
So's to make a peaceful scene.
Dat's de way it am in Texas,
When de folks do what is right.
Dere's no use for frets and fuss-es,
'Cause your life will take its flight.

Third Chorus:—

Yes I'se glad, never gits mad,
I'm mighty glad, never sad;
'Kase a Texas darky's life,
Is de best dat can be had.

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